

# Padmavati

Stories from buried history

With Illustrations

The background of the cover is a dramatic illustration. It features a golden statue of a woman, likely Padmavati, with her arms raised in a gesture of triumph or prayer. She is adorned with intricate jewelry and a crown. The statue is set against a backdrop of intense orange and red flames, with several bright yellow lightning bolts striking down around it. The overall mood is one of historical drama and divine power.

**SANJEEV NEWAR**  
**VASHI SHARMA**

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For information contact

[books@agniveer.com](mailto:books@agniveer.com)

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# Padmavati

Stories from buried history

**SANJEEV NEWAR**

**VASHI SHARMA**

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INDIAN MUSLIMS - Children of India or Slaves of Arabs?

THE NAKED MUGHALS

AGNISANKALP

This book is dedicated to Maharani Padmavati - the epitome of  
supreme sacrifice.

## **Preface**

This is an anthology of true episodes from medieval India. Some episodes are so golden that we are blinded by glitter elsewhere to see them. Some are so popular that familiarity breeds contempt. And some are so unknown that we continue to enjoy the dream-narrative of the golden era since history was introduced to us through primary school and cinema.

When it comes to medieval India, cinema has had a far greater impact than any historical research on the history we believe in. Cinema is followed by serials, novels, stories, and poems in shaping our historical understanding.

'Pyar Kiya to Darna Kya' was a milestone accomplishment of Indian cinema synergising the best of Madhubala's *Mujra*, Lata's melody, Prithviraj Kapoor's histrionics, and Asif Sahab's direction. It has taught us who Akbar was. Rafi's haunting "Jo wada kiya wo nibhana padega" taught us the romantic era of Shah Jahan. Dilip Kumar taught us who Saleem Jahangir was. Aishwarya Rai taught us the immortal love story of Jodha-Akbar. And then we have tales of Akbar Birbal, Malik Muhammad's *Padmavat*, and an enormous number of sleazy novels available on every railway station to keep us entertained and historically aware.

We need not waste time digging through annals of actual historical records. We need not assemble all available stories together to find which ones fit the jigsaw puzzle of medieval history and which ones are meant to fit in something else.

These creative geniuses that shape our beliefs about history have motivated us to present stories that raise the hair on arms. Stories that bring warm wetness to eyes. Stories that make fists tight in resolve. Stories that make us speechless. Stories that speak their eras. Stories that speak volumes about real medieval India without speaking a word. Stories that release those dormant

## *Preface*

hormones that have gone into hibernation in last 70 years of feel-good and political correctness. Stories that make us open the chapters that were victims of our selective blindness. Stories that force us to connect the obvious dots. Stories that are true. Stories that are buried in history. Stories that challenge the popularized narrative of medieval India. Stories that make us question the genuineness of heroes presented to us. Stories that bring out the real heroes instead. Stories of the freedom movement that started from the time first invader attacked India. Stories of the tradition of sacrifice and patriotism of which Maharani Padmavati was an epitome. Stories that tighten fists in resolve.

We have taken the artistic freedom to provide a cinematic experience and teleport readers to the scene of action. The stories are short because certain emotions with low commercial value have a short half-span. We must enhance their value before we lose your attention. Probably some director may find value in making them into visual cinema some day. Till then, read and enjoy the tales no one told you. Do share what goes inside you after reading.

Sanjeev Newar  
Vashi Sharma



## **Disclaimer**

This is a work of historic fiction. We have taken adequate artistic freedom in depicting the events and incidents to present the big-picture narrative of medieval history in an entertaining manner. Mention of a character, religion, or community in this book does not imply our opinion on them. We have greatest respect for humanist traditions and people in all religions and communities.

In this book, by Islam, we mean the interpretation of Islam suggested by radical Islamists and their followers who deny equal rights and heaven to non-Muslims and justify the killing of apostates. By Quran, we imply the translations of Quran as patronized by these fanatics. There are alternate interpretations of Islam and Quran by humanist scholars, who are considered apostates by these fanatics and they are victimized. We respect these humanists and their faith. Nothing in the book must be considered to refer to them. All our criticisms are exclusively for radical elements, and none else.

For purpose of illustrations, images from public domain have been used. We claim no ownership or authenticity of images. Some of these images maybe explicit, graphic, and unsuitable for some readers. The content may also contain strong language. Reader discretion is strongly advised.

# Contents

Preface	I
Disclaimer	III
The Queen of death	1
Padmavati - the real story	6
The maid who destroyed Mughals	15
The six slaps of Rajput	21
Three heads and a sword	24
The Queen and the nose	30
The night of romance	35
The last wish	41
When a cow cried	47
The ghost	55
The river of death	59
The death that gave life	65
300	74
Lion's cage	79
Boy who shook Lahore	96
Chup sha, Hari Singh Raghlay	102
The Gurkha in Iraq	113
About Authors	115
Other books from Agniveer	116
Stephen Knapp on "A Hindu's Fight for Mother Cow"	133
About Agniveer	135
Testimonials on Agniveer	137

# The Queen of death

They will not tell you this story in your history class. They will never mention this brave woman when they mention Great Women of India. Yet, she deserves to be the icon of every woman empowerment campaign. She must be the first chapter of every book of great Indians. She is the Queen Naikidevi of Gujarat.

Date: Sometime in 1178 AD

Place: Somewhere near Mount Abu

## Flashback

Muhammad Ghori is known as the invader who defeated Prithviraj Chauhan and established the rule of Jihad in India in 1192. What most people don't know is that Muhammad Ghori had two uncontrollable addictions - sex and blood. His sex addiction had made him impotent, or he was born impotent, or Naikidevi's sword made him impotent - we don't know. But we know that he would spare no man, woman, or child. Later he made heirs out of his sex-slaves. All his battles would be succeeded by en masse rapes and butchering of old men and women. Young women and children would be made slaves.

India was a hot destination for Jihadis since the rule of first Caliph. This is because Hindus - being idol-worshippers - were termed the dirtiest creatures of the world as per their faith. These Jihadis have divine rights to do anything with Hindu women, children, and men to clean the world in Swachhta Mission.

Muhammad Ghori had just conquered Multan (Punjab, Pakistan). Now he wanted to move further into India through Gujarat. He had heard a lot about the beautiful Queen Naikidevi who ruled Gujarat on behalf of her new-born child Bhimdev Solanki and the massive wealth of the kingdom.

He could not resist the call of doom. He marched towards Gujarat capital of Anhilwara with his massive army.

Queen Naikidevi tried in vain to unite all rulers including Prithviraj Chauhan. But just like we see today, the Hindu rulers said: "Why should I bother!" Only the Rai of Narwhala helped her with a troop of elephants.

The Queen knew what was coming. She assembled whatever forces she had and marched ahead to intercept the army of rapist murderers as far away from the capital as possible. If they lose, at least the women would have time to either escape or die than be plundered by invaders.

The two armies met each other at Kayadara, forty miles from the capital city.

### **Situation**

Ghori sends his messenger - "Hand over the Queen and her child to me. Give me all your women and gold. And I will spare you."

The Queen is not disturbed by this. She smiles. Ties the baby king on her lap and gets on a horse. Asks the messenger to go back to Ghori and tell him that his demands are accepted. She would first like to pray to Dwarkadheesh (Lord Krishna).

Naikidevi closes her eyes and silently prays for some time. Then shouts, "Jai Dwarkadheesh".

Meanwhile, messenger reaches Ghori and shares the good news. Ghori is aroused at prospects of such an easy victory. He starts dreaming fetishes of his dirty experiments with a Hindu Queen and a cute baby a few moments from now. He gazes in the direction of the Solanki camp. Sees someone approaching his camp on a horse. As the dust settles and the rider slowly comes closer, he can see - it is a beautiful woman having a baby tied on her lap. His heart beats increase with every step of the horse. He can feel sensations in his body pushing his mind towards blankness. Pants heavily and struggles to speak. He has only read about such beauty in stories of virgins in Heaven.

### **What happened next**

The queen stops. He is confused. Suddenly there is a noise that keeps increasing. Before he understands what is happening, he sees horses and elephants racing towards his camp from behind the queen. And then they spread around the desert terrain.

Before he could switch gears from lust to fight, the camp is surrounded from three sides. How can Hindus be so fast! What is this? Prophet told that one Muslim is more than ten kafir Hindus. I thought I deserve a woman more beautiful than the virgins in Paradise. How can Allah snatch that from me just before I could grab her? He has no time to understand what suddenly happened. He gets on a horse beside and runs towards the back of the camp.

The brave Rajputs of Gujarat butcher one pig after another. They explain why theirs is a land of lions. Ghori can think of only one thing - Run for life!

### **And then**

The queen has a sword each in both hands and cuts several heads and hands as she races towards Ghori. Ghori catches a glimpse of her. Goddess of beauty is now the goddess of death. He races

fast. The queen throws one sword and pulls the reins of the horse to speed further. As she closes the distance with her stalker, she cuts through many more pigs.

Finally, she is close enough. Strikes the sword with full might. But narrowly misses the mark as one kafir-hater has attacked her from behind. It turns out to be the most expensive miss in the history of India.

Naikidevi's sword dispatches the attacker to his Jannat (paradise). But Ghori is saved. Instead of ripping apart his head, the sword slits his rear.

(A near repeat of this rear-splitting happened 125 years later when Gora faced Alauddin Khilji.)

Before she could aim the next strike, more pigs surrounded her and Ghori is saved.

### **Aftermath**

Ghori and his army of goons were thoroughly chased off and crushed. Ghori was so scared that he did not get down from the horse despite a bleeding rear until he reached Multan a few days later. He ordered his soldiers to keep the horse running even if he falls asleep or needs treatment. And shift him to another horse if this one cannot run. When he reached Multan completely soiled with blood and bodily wastes, he realised the damage to certain organs on front and rear was permanent.

Ghori never dared to think of attacking Gujarat. He did not even think of attacking India for next 13 years. Had Prithviraj Chauhan helped Naikidevi, we would have been reading a different history of India.

No terrorist dared to think of Gujarat for next 120 years.

## **Ghori was destroyed**

The libido of Ghori ended forever - mentally and physically. His damaged rear reminded him of Rajputani sword for rest of his life as he was no longer able to play darling to his male-partners in Sultani acts. The player was now turned as a mere spectator. He became unfit for battles and had to rely on his male-slaves. He could not have children and had to divide his empire among his sex-slaves to save his own life.

## **The myth of Islamic rule**

The bravery of role models like Naikidevi guaranteed that there was never a stable Islamic rule in India. The historical maps of territories of invaders from Qasim to Aurangzeb are all hoax. There was always sufficient resistance to the invaders that ultimately led to complete destruction of the Mughal rule.

And today, many Mughal royal sultans are begging on Railway Stations of India with historical paintings of their forefathers and a note that reads- "Lal Quila (red fort) belongs to us".

## **What now**

Read this story to your kids. Read this story to your daughters. They will not become slaves of anyone. They will become brave Naikidevi. And will revive the era of Vande Mataram (respect for women and nation as a mother) in every corner of the country.

## **Padmavati - the real story**

Date: Sometime in 1303

Place: Outskirts of Chittor, camp of Alauddin Khilji

### **Flashback**

Alauddin Khilji was one of the most brutal humans to have been ever born on earth. He ascended the throne by killing his father-in-law cum uncle and carrying his head on a spear inside Delhi on holy Ramazan.

Like Akbar the 'Great', he also considered himself to be a Prophet and forced Qazis to give religious approvals to his whims and fetishes. The number of rapes and murders he committed is surpassed only by the brutality of those rapes and murders.

Like other Sultans, he enjoyed sex with young boys. Malik Kafur was his child sex-partner who rose to become his general. (Later, he killed Alauddin Khilji and his family.)

Prophet Alauddin Khilji will go down in history as the killer of the largest number of Muslims (around 30000) in one single day and





Chittor Fort

a rapist of their women. And yet, he is hailed as a Muslim icon!

India has always been abundant with fools and traitors. Thanks to these foolish traitors, Alauddin could defeat brave heroes like Hamir Dev of Ranathambhor, ransack Somnath temple among thousand others, capture Gujarat, and now wanted to conquer Mewar.

He camped at the outskirts of Chittor (Mewar) with a massive army and called Rana Ratan Singh for negotiations pretending to be a friend. Indians have always paid heavily for trusting rascals who were not loyal even to their fathers. They assume invaders from western borders to be men of honour like Indians and continue to be duped till today.

Rana Ratan Singh also trusted Alauddin Khilji and went for discussions. Alauddin showed his true colours and kidnapped him. He set forth his demand to release Rana. It was a demand that every Sultan from Ghori to Khilji to Akbar to Aurangzeb has put without exception - give me all your gold and women.

Every terrorist who invaded India was a pervert rapist far worse than Osama Bin Laden of Al Qaeda or Baghdadadi of ISIS.

(The story of Alauddin Khilji requesting to see Queen Padmini and Rajputs allowing him to see her through the mirror is a shameless myth that originated from Padmavat - a poem by Malik Muhammad Jayasi. We Indians are such fools that we lose all sense of right and wrong when appreciating art and poems. Fictions become facts just because they sound musical and seem to be great Bollywood plots! Brave warriors secure our happiness, and coward 'artists' mint money from their sacrifices!)

Rajputs of Newar agreed to send their women in Palkis (palanquins) next morning.

### **Situation**

It is early morning. Alauddin Khilji has made all the plans and has

instructed his generals. They are to count the number of palanquins and ask palanquin carriers to leave. If anyone acts smart, kill him. Then take out each woman, arrange them in order of their beauty and rank. Keep Queen Padmini (Padmavati) in front. And bring in front of Sultan Alauddin Khilji - the Prophet who would conquer the world like Alexander the Great!

Palanquins arrive before dawn. But before palanquin-carriers leave, the Rajput women come out. And suddenly there is mayhem. No, they are not women. They are Rajput warriors who are butchering rapists like vegetables.

One group of Rajputs led by brave Badal starts ransacking one tent after another in search of Rana Ratan Singh. The other group led by Gora - Badal's uncle - push through the centre of camp in search of Alauddin Khilji.

Badal finally locates Rana and frees him. He signals Gora and bows to his uncle for one last time. They both know this is their last meeting.

Badal and his group quickly retract with Rana towards the fort. They have little time left for the next step in action-plan.

Meanwhile, Gora slices innumerable hands and heads and enters the well-lit royal tent.

### **What happened next**

Alauddin Khilji is in the bed straight ahead of Gora. Completely naked. Panting like a dog. Jumping back and forth on top of a woman and tearing her dress to display bicep power. Looking at her as a dog leers at a piece of meat.

So engrossed is the beast in his animal instincts that he is completely oblivious to the noise and shouts. Or it is a usual cacophony very similar to bangings and moans in Khilji camp every night!



Maharani Padmavati

Alauddin does not notice that someone is witnessing his brave performance. But the poor woman notices a change in lamp shadows and raises the alarm.

### **And then**

Alauddin springs up in surprise. He sees his death in the hands of a muscular Rajput. The performance abruptly ends in an immediate showdown.

Alauddin hides behind the woman. She is his armour now. He knows that a Rajput will die but not touch a woman.

The brave Sultan is weeping. Wet down, wet above, wet all over! He is running around the tent holding the woman in front. Sometimes remembering Allah, sometimes begging Gora - "Ya Allah. Raham Kar Raham."

As he reaches the gate of the tent, he pushes the woman towards Gora and makes a run for his life.

Gora moves to the side so that he does not touch the woman. He misses his target.

He realises that the cost of the dignity of one woman will now be thousands of women.

But what could he do! It all happened within few moments. How could he ditch the core instinct of a Hindu Rajput - to treat every woman as your own mother? To not touch another woman.

A Sultan fights to rape women. A Hindu fights to protect women.

The thoughts flash in his mind, but it is too late. Alauddin is also late.

Before the pig could jump out of the tent, he could not escape the touch of the Rajput sword. The sword tears apart his rear.

Alauddin's men enter the tent seeing their Sultan grunting and

running naked oozing blood behind himself.

Gora fights valiantly and dispatches a lot many to Heaven. Heads fall, hands fly everywhere. It is blood all over.

The hero says: 'Jai Eklingji' for one last time in life. And sets an example of valour that will inspire thousands till a single terrorist exists in this world.

### **Aftermath - Chittor**

Alauddin sent his army to Chittor. The Rajputs, though outnumbered, fought to the death. When the Jihadis entered the fort shouting "Allah-hu-Akbar", they found funeral pyres and ashes.

All women had chosen to burn themselves than to be a sex-toy of Jihadis.

This was the second Jauhar of history after one at Ranathambhor just a few years ago. **This was the start of Sati practice.**

It was not over though. Jihadis had won one battle as they excelled in being traitors. But they could not stand long against brave Hindus.

Chittor was snatched back from Alauddin Khilji in 1311.

### **Aftermath - Death of Khilji dynasty**

Alauddin Khilji's damaged rear reminded him of the Rajputi sword for rest of his life. He could no more walk straight or sit erect. He could no more sleep properly or bang any slave like a dog. He had to turn a goat.

He had to stop going on military expeditions and chose to send his generals instead. His eunuch sex-slave Malik Kafur became powerful due to this. Sleeplessness, trauma, and pain turned Alauddin Khilji medically insane within next ten years.

Malik Kafur murdered a mad Alauddin Khilji in 1316 and blinded





*Jauhar at Chittor*

his two sons before being killed himself.

That sword of Gora, that palanquin of Rajputs, that valour of Badal - sealed the destiny of Khilji dynasty forever.

No one dared to raise an eye over Chittor for next 230 years.

They tried the chutzpah again when Mughals came. The cost of this Mian Bhai ki Daring was so heavy that the Mughal empire had to collapse under the weight of rebellion from all across the nation.

Today, many Mughal Sultans are seen begging on Etawah railway junction.

### **What Now**

Read this story to your kids. They will never become slaves of anyone. And will know how to destroy terrorism.



# The maid who destroyed Mughals

Date: 1536 AD

Place: Chittor, Rajasthan

## Flashback

In 1527, Maharana Sangram Singh (Rana Sanga) of Chittor was on the verge of defeating a brutal invader called 'Babur' who was famed for his fetishes with corpses and children. This Babur was the grandfather of Akbar. He was the destroyer of Ram Mandir in Ayodhya to build a mosque named after his child-slave called 'Babri.'

Shiladitya, a trusted general of Rana Sanga's army, made a deal with Babur and switched sides. Instead of attacking Babur's army from behind as per plan, he joined forces with the Mughal army and attacked Rana Sanga instead. After one of the bloodiest battles of history, Rana Sanga had to retreat. This was neither the first nor last time when India lost to its own traitors.



Rana Sanga

Despite having more than eighty injuries, Rana Sanga created a formidable army within a few months to defeat Babur. But he was poisoned by some of his family members. His eldest surviving son Rana Ratan Singh also died an unnatural death in 1531. Rana Vikramaditya, Rana Ratan Singh's younger brother, became next king at the age of fourteen.

In 1535, Bahadur Shah of Gujarat attacked Chittor. A divided Rajputana refused to help Chittor. Rani Karnavati, the widow of Rana Sanga, had to commit Jauhar with all women to save themselves from Jihadi slavery. This was the second Jauhar after that of Padmini two centuries ago. (Jauhar was the practice of mass self-immolation to save themselves from an army of rapists.)

The Rajputs made Muhammad Shah retreat, and Vikramaditya resumed his reign. But just a year later, Vanvir Singh - a cousin of Vikramaditya decided to snatch the throne. He killed Vikramaditya one night and proceeded to kill Prince Udai Singh - the last surviving son of Rana Sanga.

Prince Udai was just thirteen years old. He was under the care of Panna - the trusted maid of Rani Karnavati - since she gave her life in Jauhar four years ago. Panna also had a son, Chandan, of the same age.

A trusted servant who witnessed the murder of Vikramaditya informed Panna that Vanvir is coming to kill Udai Singh.

Panna had just fed both children and put them to bed. Udai was sleeping peacefully on the royal bed. Chandan was sleeping on the floor beside her.

### **Situation**

Panna can hear the distant footsteps in the silent night. There is no time to lose. She calls another trusted servant. Panna asks both servants to help her put the sleeping prince in a fruit casket. She instructs them to smuggle out the casket from the back door. She would meet them at an isolated spot near the river next night



*Jauhar of Rani Karnavati*

around the same time.

The servants leave confused. How will they be able to save the prince? Vanvir will soon be here and will know that prince has left. Before they are able to get the prince out, Vanvir will catch them. They raced as fast as they could, praying for a miracle.

Footsteps get louder. Panna has another task before Vanvir reaches.

### **What happened next**

Panna pulls her sleeping son, "Chandan. Move from here. Come and sleep there."

She drags half-asleep Chandan and leads him to the bed. Chandan goes back in a deep sleep. She quickly moves to the corner of the room and lies down pretending to sleep.

Footsteps reach the room. The door is pushed wide open.

Vanvir enters, 'Where is Udai?'

Panna meekly points at the bed with a puzzled face. Vanvir rushes to the bed and slays the neck of the sleeping boy. The body convulses for a while and then lays still.

Vanvir moves out. He has won the throne. Panna has lost everything.

### **And then**

Vanvir calls an emergency meeting of courtiers, announces himself as the next king since none else from royal family is alive. He is backed by his traitor friends in the court.

Both deceased are cremated hurriedly before dawn. Next day, Vanvir coronets himself.

Panna meets Udai at the river next night. He asks, 'Maiya, where

is Chandan?' Panna replies, 'Let us hurry up.' He can see her eyes getting wet and understands everything.

The mother sacrificed her own son to save Mewar.

### **Aftermath**

Panna and Udai faced lots of challenges but remained in hiding for next four years. In 1540, Udai Singh combined forces of loyalists and attacked Chittor. Vanvir was killed.

The same year, a son was born to Udai Singh. We know him by the name Maharana Pratap.

When Mughal Empire was expanding without any resistance during Akbar's era, Maharana Pratap became the lone voice of rebellion. Such powerful was the rebellion that Mewar sucked up most Mughal resources. Akbar's generals would refuse to get posted in Mewar region. Soon there were rebellions from all across India. Mughal rule remained fragile and torn forever. The guerrilla warfare innovation of Pratap was taken ahead by legends like Shivaji and Guru Gobind Singh. The brutal Mughal dynasty was eventually wiped off from the world forever.

Today, Mughal crown princes are found begging all across railway stations and bus stops in India.

### **What Now**

Remember that freedom is not free. There was once a Panna who sent her son to death so that we are saved.

## **The six slaps of Rajput**

Akbar sent many treaties offers to Maharana Pratap. He started with multiple demands. Each time Akbar offered a treaty, Maharana would slap him. Last slap was so hard that Akbar did Haldighati. This is an untold story of Haldighati and Maharana's courage.

Akbar: Surrender before me. Give me your elephant. Fight for me whenever I command. Send your kingdom's women in my Harem. Give me tax. Bow before me. Or else I will attack you.

Maharana: Get lost. Slap 1!

Akbar: Give me your elephant. Fight for me whenever I command. Send your kingdom's women in my Harem. Give me tax. Bow before me. Or else I will attack you.

Maharana: Get lost. Slap 2!

Akbar: Fight for me whenever I command. Send your kingdom's women in my Harem. Give me tax. Bow before me. Or else I will attack you.



*Maharana Pratap*



Maharana: Get lost. Slap 3!

Akbar: Send your kingdom's women in my Harem. Give me tax. Bow before me. Or else I will attack you.

Maharana: Get lost. Slap 4

Akbar: Send your kingdom's women in my Harem. Bow before me. Or else I will attack you.

Maharana: Get lost. Slap 5!

Akbar: Bow before me. Or else I will attack you.

Maharana: Get lost. Slap 6!

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Then Haldighati took place. Akbar spent rest of his life wetting his lungi every night. Mewar sucked up such enormous resources that one rebellion after another sprang up across the Mughal Empire. The royal family of invaders split apart in this mayhem. Today Mughal offsprings comprise of beggars spread across India blaming each other's lineage for their situation.

## Three heads and a sword

Date: 18 Jun 1576

Place: Haldighati, Udaipur (Rajasthan)

Battle: Mughals vs Rajputs.

### **Situation**

In Haldighati Akbar's massive army attacks Maharana Pratap. Rajput army was heavily outnumbered by Mughal army led by Man Singh.

Maharana's eyes searching for the traitor who ditched motherland to join the invaders.

### **What happened next**

Maharana spots the traitor a distance away. He is on an elephant, protected by hundreds of Mughal warriors.

Innumerable Jihadis carrying green flags shouting Allahu Akbar stand between a lion and his prey. Allahu Akbar becomes louder.

Maharana must clear the path to reach Man Singh.

Maharana takes out the other sword.

Armor is on the chest.

Shield is put on the back.

Both hands now have swords.

Akbar's Jihadis watch, for the first time, the might of Hindu sword.

**And then**

Jihadi heads start rolling. One versus hundreds. Hindu warrior versus Jihadi invaders.

In two minutes, hundreds of Jihadi flags, heads, hands and legs scatter around and get trampled under legs of Chetak.

Maharana cuts every head that comes between him and Man Singh.

Then comes Behlol Khan, the mighty commander of Mughals, along with his intimate partner on a horse.

This man had killed Maharana's men earlier. Today, he is fleeing the battlefield seeing the wrath of Maharana's sword.

Pratap challenges both together.

They lift swords to save themselves from Maharana's rage.

But alas! They are late. Three heads are rolling on the ground in next split-second.

The mighty Behlol Khan, his swordsman partner and horse's head are separated from their bodies with a single swing of Maharana's sword.



*The Great Battle of Haldighati*

Everyone is stunned. Suddenly, a pin-drop silence!

How can someone hit with such power?

Har Har Mahadev - Maharana roars.

It started with Allahu Akbar. It ends with Har Har Mahadev.

Mughals are terrified.

The path to traitor becomes clear all of a sudden.

Man Singh, the next target, is right ahead...

### **Aftermath**

For next twenty years, Mughal soldiers debated that Maharana was not a human but a ghost with Satanic powers.

Akbar's commanders refused to accept duty in Chittor region.

One commander chose to become a fakir.

Chittor sucked up so much resources of Mughal Empire that a rebellion would emerge in one or more parts of the nation till Mughal Empire could stand no more and crumbled like a fort of sand.

Akbar and hundreds would wake up from nightmares for rest of their lives.

The Post Traumatic Stress would not go, and Akbar wetted his bed every single night henceforth despite the increased usage of narcotics.

The mighty sword dug such a permanent hole in Akbar's empire that few generations later, Mughal sultans were surviving on Maratha pension.

Yesterday, I saw a Mughal crown-princes begging on Etawah



MĀHAVIR-PRATĀPI RAGHU-KULA-BHUSHINA MĀHARAJ-ADHIRAJ RAJ-RAJESHWAR  
 SURYA-VAMSHA-CHUDĀMANĪ MAHI-MAHENDRA YAVADAKYA-KULA-KAMALA DHIVAKARA  
 CHHATTIS RAJKUL SINGAR SRI SRI 108 SRI HINDUPATI MAHA RANA PRATAP SINHI  
 SEESODIA HINDUA SURAJ, UDAIPUR (MEWAR), 1572-1597

railway junction with a historical painting of Akbar the Great.

**What now**

Read this story to your kids. They will never become slaves of anyone. And will know how to destroy terrorism.

## The Queen and the nose

Date: Sometime around 1640

Place: Garhwal region in the Himalayas

### Flashback

Rani Karnavati had to take reins of Garhwal Empire after the untimely death of her husband, Mahipat Shah. The prince Prithvi Shah was just seven years old.

Shah Jahan - the leader of Mughal dacoits - found a golden opportunity to fulfil the age-old dream of Islamic invaders. For centuries, invaders had been attacking India to destroy idol-worship and establish the rule of Islam. Just like ISIS and Al Qaeda of today.

The invaders had defiled and broken thousands of temples in the plains. They forced other Hindus to pay them Jaziya and send women to protect other temples. By the time of Shah Jahan, almost entire India had seen the wrath of idol-breakers. But the



Himalayas were still elusive. Every invader knew what Himalayas - the source of Ganga - meant to Hindus. Ayodhya was already destroyed. Mathura and Kashi were under control. Kashmir was under their rule. Only Himalayas remained to be demolished.

Shah Jahan had also heard about the beauty of Rani Karnavati. Shah Jahan was famed for his addiction for women. After the death of 'Mumtaz Mahal' in 1631, he forced his own daughter 'Jahan Ara' to fulfil his lust. He also married Mumtaz's sister and created a harem of more than ten thousand women. His addiction was growing by the day and he was obsessed with capturing every beautiful woman in his harem.

The opportunity in Garhwal was too good to resist. He dispatched an army of thirty thousand trained soldiers under Najabat Khan with clear commandments - capture Srinagar (Capital of Garhwal Empire in Uttarakhand), bring Rani Karnavati and all royal women and children to me, enjoy other women the way you want, kill every Rajput, and destroy every temple.

Spies informed Rani of the situation. The Mughal troop had already reached Haridwar. Lakshmanjhoola was the next destination. The Rani had a closed-door meeting with advisers and came out with a plan.

Orders were sent to not resist Mughal army at all. An emissary was sent to meet Najabat Khan at Lakshmanjhoola along with lots of food and gold.

The emissary urged Najabat Khan to spare their kingdom. He read out the Rani's surrender, "The valley has never seen bloodshed. We are spiritual people. We are not in a position to fight. We want to surrender in return for the safety of our lives. As a token of our surrender, please accept food and gold. We will soon send you ten lakh rupees and five thousand choicest women. I will come personally within fifteen days to surrender with all this. If my life can save so many lives, I will be honoured to give it."

Najabat was excited at sight of such an easy victory. He readily agreed. Who would stop him from ransacking the mountains once he has kidnapped the Rani! The Mughal army was also tired due to their inexperience with mountains. This would give the army a much-needed break.

He sent back a messenger to update Shah Jahan.

Fifteen days passed away. The emissary came again with more gold and food. He requested a few more days as they were in the process of selecting the most beautiful virgins for the Mughal army. Najabat showed his anger but agreed. His army was yet not ready. They had been struggling with upset stomach and chills due to the mountain weather.

A week more passed. Now there was no sign of emissary. One more day. And one more day. Still no sign. The food supply had also depleted. The health of soldiers had worsened. The camp was stenching due to recurrent loose motions and vomits of a fifty thousand strong army. Najabat was getting furious.

### **Situation**

Najabat orders the army to get ready to march. The troop struggles to dress itself and move uphill. The path is narrow and full of obstacles. At places, there are multiple narrow paths. The army has to split. Others have to wait till the soldiers ahead of them move ahead.

Suddenly they are ambushed. There is total mayhem. Heads start rolling. The Rajputs have attacked every path. As Mughal army starts fleeing, they realise the path to be full of thorns. And heavy boulders start falling from mountains. Every Mughal soldier is killed. Only one soldier in each path is spared. His nose is cut. And all these nose-cut soldiers are sent back with the same message: "You have two choices - die or let us cut your nose."

### **What happened next**

Najabat realises what happened. The food was poisoned. Rajputs had bought time to prepare. He has been fooled. And the Mughal army is completely unprepared for the Himalayan terrain. But it is too late to realise now.

There is only one option now. The option that every Jihadi in history has adopted in such situations Run for life!

He orders the remaining troop to retreat. He knows Shah Jahan will not spare him. But death is certain if he tries anything extra-smart here.

The troop move back. But realise that the return path is also blocked. There are just three narrow trails. The nose-cut soldiers tell them what awaits them in these trails - thorns, boulders, beheading, and more cut-noses.

Soldiers panic. Many make a run through the trails. There is a stampede. And then boulders, arrows, beheadings begin.

### **And then**

Najabat Khan surrenders. The Rajputs snatch all weapons of Mughal army. Beautiful Rani Karnavati appears in front of Najabat Khan. She hangs an envelope with a letter for Shah Jahan around Najabat's neck. A soldier gives her a sword. Before Najabat could understand, his nose is on the ground. The soldier picks up the nose and puts it in the letter's envelope.

"Jai Maa Gange." Rani returns.

Rajputs kill all but twenty soldiers. They cut the nose of these twenty survivors. The soldiers and Najabat Khan are asked to disrobe. A map of the way out of Lakshmanjhoola is given to one soldier. The general of Rajput Army kicks Najabat on the back and says "Get Lost."

## **Aftermath**

Najabat never reached Agra back. Some says he committed suicide. Some say he was killed by fellow soldiers. But the heavy envelope reached Shah Jahan's harem. There were 21 noses inside.

The letter said, "We met your army at Lakshmanjhoola. Lakshman had cut nose of Shurpankha who was Ravan's sister. We will cut the nose of every Mughal seen in Garhwal. If you attempt any further misadventures, we know the way to your harem. We also know the size of your nose."

Shah Jahan increased his security. The scare would still not go away. He made a few more stealth attempts to target Garhwal. But every Mughal returned back without a nose. After Arij Khan suffered the same fate as Najabat Khan, Shah Jahan shifted his capital to Delhi in a captured fort at the bank of Yamuna to save his own life.

His son Aurangzeb also tried this misadventure and got back the same gift of noses of his soldiers and general.

Rani Karnavati became famed as "Nakati Rani" (the queen who cuts nose of the enemy). No Mughal could dare attack Garhwal ever. On the contrary, she won back several territories in valley and plains from Mughals.

The Rani was famed for her innovative development work and is revered as a legendary figure in Garhwal. Mughals are extinct today.

## **What Now**

Rani set the perfect example of dealing with terrorists. It is time for us to emulate and save the world.

## The night of romance

Date: Sometime in late 17th century

Place: Salumbar, Mewar, Rajasthan

### Flashback

Rajput Chundavat had just married Rani Hada. Chundavat was famed for his sword-play. And Rani Hada was famed for her beauty. There was a match made in heaven. But the earth was not so peaceful in the era of Aurangzeb that Chundavat had to leave for a battle immediately after marriage. He returned back victorious.

Tonight was the night of joy. A long-awaited night. To celebrate the victory. And finally be together for the first time.

The wait had indeed been long. The Rajput had fought countless battles. But never found his heart racing like tonight. Words would not come out of the mouth. It was an excitement like nothing before.

The Rani also felt the same. Her hero, her dream, her aspirations,

her love was before her eyes. Her eyes closed.

For long, the Rajput and the Rani stood in front of each other like statues. Was it a dream? Or their meeting was for real?

They did not know when they were in each other's arms. The Rajput slowly removed the bride's veil. The bride caught a glance of Rajput's brilliant face and closes her eyes once again. She could feel getting closer. Heartbeats got even faster.

Suddenly there was a loud knock at the door.

Rani veiled herself again. Rajput went to open the door, still in a trance.

It was bad news. Aurangzeb had attacked again. He was marching ahead. Rajput must leave immediately to the battlefield.

Rajput Chundavat asked the servant to get his horse prepared and assemble other warriors while he comes downstairs.

The servant went back. The Rajput closed the doors and came to Rani.

Rajput: "I have to leave for ...."

Rani: "I have heard everything. You must leave right now. Mother is calling."

Rajput (with a sigh): "Yes. Will leave. Let us spend a few moments together before I leave."

Rani: "I am all yours, Swami. But it is the call of Mother Earth. I cannot take the blame for separating a son from the mother, even for a moment. You must leave immediately."

Rajput: "How can you be so brutal? We have waited for this night so long. Let me be with you for a while."

Rani: "I am always with you in love and even more in duty. Allow

me to follow my Dharma. Let me put tilak on your forehead."

The Rani took out a knife from side-table and made a cut on her thumb. She put tilak of blood on her husband's forehead. She closed her eyes, murmured prayers.

The Rajput noticed the Aarti thali besides the bed. The Rani had already made preparations for this exigency. She performed the Aarti and spoke, "Maa Durga, may I always be proud of my husband."

The Rajput tied back his sword and slowly moved towards the door. He stopped for a while, turned back, looked at his wife for some time, opened the door, and slowly went out.

The Rajput came downstairs. The horse was ready. The Army was ready. But his heart was not yet ready. He was still dreaming about the Rani.

He called a maid: "Go to Rani and ask her to send a souvenir. I could not spend time with her. But will remember her through the souvenir."

The maid went upstairs.

### **Situation**

"The wait is getting long. Maid has not returned so far. Rani must be thinking what would be the best memento. What could it be? I unnecessarily confused her. I should have gone myself instead of sending the maid. "

"How cruel is destiny. For months, I am fighting. Even we married in a hurry. And then again this battle. And today again! After this one, I will retire away for a while with Rani. But why is she taking so much time? She is so beautiful. She was also as excited as me today. She allowed me to go as a good wife. But I should have spent some time with her and not do such injustice with her. I could have stayed for a while with her and leave tomorrow



*Brave Hindu Rajputani*



morning. I am a moron. Heaven's would not have fallen if I had been with her tonight. I did not even think of her feelings....."

Jumbled thoughts are clouding his mind.

He sees the maid coming back with a big souvenir in a dish covered with cloth. There is also a letter over the souvenir.

### **What happened next**

The maid brings the dish close to Rajput. The Rajput picks up the letter and starts reading.

"My dear husband, you are my pride. My duty is to do everything to make the whole world proud of you. But today I am scared and guilty. I can sense that you are thinking about me instead of battle when Mother Earth is calling you. A Rajputani who snatches away valour of her husband is a sinner. Thus, I am sending you a souvenir that will bring the best warrior out of you. A souvenir that will make you fight like never before and save the mother from brutal invaders. I am sure you will value this humble gift of love from me."

The Rajput is confused. With shaking hands, he removes the cloth over the souvenir. The Rani had sent her head.

### **And then**

The Rajput ties the head to himself and races towards the battle-field. He confronts the enemies before they had expected.

The battle is historic. The Mughal army could not stand long and is butchered by the Rajput's sword. The troop does not stop there. They move further ahead. Rip apart another Mughal troop, and another, and another. The entire region is wiped clean of every single Mughal soldier.

The Rajput sits down, after all, is over. Closes his eyes. Folds his hands. Then he murmurs something and cuts his own head to

finally be with the Rani.

### **Aftermath**

The battle broke the backbone of Mughal Empire. Durga Das Rathore - the leader of Rajputs - ripped apart the Mughals and captured the royal family. He used this to force Aurangzeb's own sons to rebel. In other parts of the nation, Marathas, Sikhs, Jats, Ahoms were tearing away the Mughal vestiges. Within few years, the entire Mughal Empire collapsed.

Today you find no sign of Mughals in India. Only a few beggars in Kolkata, Mumbai, and some other places claim to be royal Mughal princes showing old paintings of Akbar and Aurangzeb as proofs.

The romantic souvenir of Rani changed the course of history forever.

### **What Now**

If you find your eyes a bit moist, preserve it. We need it to win the war on terror today.

# The last wish

Date: 30th May 1606

Place: Lahore

## Flashback

Mughal emperor Jahangir ran the campaign of Islamisation of India like his forefathers - Akbar, Babur and Timur. Punjab was bleeding. Wearing Hindu Tilak was a crime that would attract severe punishment. And then one day, emperor's son rebelled against him.

## Situation

Gullible Hindus were being converted to Islam by force and deceit of miracles. Guru Arjan Dev had become famous as a Hindu saint having miraculous powers.

Now Hindus had their own Guru who could perform miracles.

The conversion stopped.



Muslim emperor feared.

Now Muslims had started attracting towards Hindu Guru.

This Guru needed to be fixed.

Or else Allah's wrath was inevitable.

Emperor's son Khusrau had rebelled against his own father, Jahangir.

Father was after son's life.

No one gave the rebellious son refuge.

Finally, Khusrau sought refuge at Guru Arjan's place.

The Guru welcomed him.

Guru applied Tilak (Hindu sacred symbol) on Khusrau's forehead.

The news reached Jahangir.

A Hindu saint had put his religious symbol on emperor's son in Islamic State!

Courtiers called it blasphemy.

Sycophants called it insult to Islam.

How can a Kafir give refuge to a rebel of Islamic State?

How can a 'filthy' idolater apply 'dirty' symbol to a pious Muslim?

This was the greatest sin in centuries.

This was the sin for which heads must roll.

As always, the Mughal emperor ordered to execute 'culprit'.

Guru was asked to apologise for this 'dirty' Hindu thing he did to

a Musalman.

Guru refused.

Guru was asked to leave Hindu faith and accept Islam to save a life.

Guru refused to leave Dharma.

Guru was tortured for days.

Was made to sit on a red-hot iron pan.

Hot sand poured on his head for hours.

Skin peeled off.

Wounded with spears.

On the final day, execution order for Guru was out.

Jahangir ordered his body to be sewed in cow's skin.

To humiliate the Hindu Kafir.

Guru was asked his last wish.

Guru said he wants to take a final bath in river Ravi.

Guru went inside.

Guru never came out.

He could not imagine getting killed in mother cow's skin.

Guru chose to die in the lap of mother Ravi.

Yet another sacrifice for Dharma.

It was a death that made Dharma alive.

## **What Now**

There are some handful of separatists who insult Guru. They change history. They claim Guru Arjan was not a Hindu. They deny the story of Tilak and cow. The descendent of greatest Sikh martyr Bhai Mati Das Ji - Bhai Parmanand has given a detailed account of Guru's martyrdom and confirmed both incidents. Even butcher Jahangir had confirmed that he killed 'Hindu' Arjan Dev because he applied Hindu Tilak on his son's forehead and thus 'insulted' Islam.

Hindus and Sikhs are one. Remember Guru's martyrdom. He died for Dharma. That was the time when terms like Hinduism or Sikhism were not even coined. Only one Dharma existed. Dharma of Ram whom Guru Gobind Singh Ji claimed ancestry of all Gurus from. The poison of separatism only benefits invaders. Let Brothers stay united.

Jo bole so nihaal Sat Shri Akaal! Jai Bhavani!



*Guru Gobind Singh Ji*



## When a cow cried

Date: Sometime in the 1640s

Place: Islamic State of Bijapur, India. (Consider ISIS territory of today)

### **Situation**

An ordinary day in the city.

The market is congested.

Butchers chatting with each other slaughtering goats, sheep and cows.

Skullcaps, beards and Hijabs everywhere.

Hindus passing by with heads hung down in fear.

Fear of being Hindu in Sharia-run state.

Fear of Jaziya.

Fear of getting beaten up.



*Chhatrapati Shivaji Maharaj*

Fear of abduction.

Fear of rape.

Fear of getting beheaded.

Fear of desecrated temples.

Cows being cut in front of a temple.

To make Hindus feel insulted and destroyed.

To prove the superiority of the best religion.

A butcher is dragging a cow to slaughter point.

Cow is helpless.

Tears in her eyes.

Her calf falls on the ground seeing a mother who will never come back.

Butcher's eyes shining with pride of insulting filthy idol worshippers.

Cow surrenders.

Cow falls on the ground. One last cry.

Loud, clear, motherly.

Could melt even heart of stones.

But hearts filled with fear and hatred never melt.

No one would listen. Except one young man.

He comes on a horse.

Face of innocence. Biceps and Chests of a mighty.





*Shivaji Maharaj slaying Afzal Khan*

He stops at butcher's place.

His eyes as red as Tilak on the forehead.

And wet.

### **What happened next**

'Who dragged the cow?' - the lion roars.

'Who are you?' - asks the butcher.

'Free the cow right now.'

'Who are you?' - shouts the butcher again.

'You have one last chance.'

'Who the hell are you to ask me? What can you do, filthy Kafir? I will kill your mother and eat it.' - butcher yells at youth.

10 butchers from shops around surround the man. Daggers in their hands.

'Am asking for last time.' - a man warns.

'Who are you, Kafir!' The butcher picks his dagger to stab cow in the neck. Starts yelling- Allahu Akbar - in Halal Islamic way, ignoring man's warning.

### **And then**

And then, there is flesh and blood on the ground all of a sudden.

No, it is not of a cow.

The butcher has been butchered.

The warrior's sword was unsheathed for a moment.

The cow is free as the hands holding her were no more joined





from arms.

It was quick.

Quicker than the butcher's halal.

Skullcap is displaced from butcher's head. Now lying next to cut-hand on the ground.

Warrior's Tilak on the forehead is covered with blood spill.

Now butcher is moaning instead of cow.

The mob is stunned.

Ten butchers surrounding the warrior turn into statues.

The warrior speaks who he is: "I am Gorakhshak."

'No cow will be butchered here from now.' - he roars.

'But, we butcher cows every day. This is Islamic State. How the hell can we not kill the cow?' - Butchers murmur gently as they slowly retreat. And shout as they run away when they feel they are at a safe distance from the Hindu sword. "Astagfirullah!"

'Time has changed.'

The hero gets on to horse sheathing the blood-soaked sword.

'The Sultan will get angry with you.' - someone in the mob warns.

'Which Sultan?' - warrior disappears.

## **20 years later**

The Hindu King walks the same road on a horse with hundreds of soldiers following.

Same sword in hand.

The sword that freed helpless cow from the butcher 20 years ago.

But time has changed.

It was not Allahu Akbar chants anymore.

It was "Har Har Mahadev" this time.

It was no more Shiva this time. It was Chhatrapati Shivaji Maharaj this time.

### **Aftermath**

Within fifty years, Mughal Empire was at the mercy of Marathas. Soon Mughal emperors were surviving on a pension received from Marathas.



## The ghost

Date: Sometime in 1665

Place: Aurangzeb's Durbar in Delhi

### Flashback

Chhatrasaal was just 16 years old. He was the son of famed Champat Rai and Lal Kunwar who were killed four years ago in an ambush by Mughals. The orphan Chhatrasaal had no mentor, no guardian, no finances, and no support. He had only one dream - to fight for freedom.

He chose to train himself to be an expert warrior like his father. He joined the Mughal army through connections of his family with Mirza Jai Singh who was serving Aurangzeb - the Mughal emperor.

He used his skills and intelligence to win some impossible battles for Mughals. That caught the attention of Aurangzeb, and he got an invitation to meet the emperor.



*Maharaja Chhatrasal meets Shivaji Maharaj*

## **Situation**

Chhatrasaal is in Delhi Durbar with Bahadur Khan - the commander of Mughal army.

Aurangzeb: Bahadur Khan, I congratulate you for your victory in Deogarh.

Bahadur Khan (bowing his head): Jahanpanah, I am your petty servant. You are my father. I beg to introduce Chhatrasaal who won Deogarh for us.

Aurangzeb: Young man. Who are you? Who is your father?

Chhatrasaal (without bowing his head): I am the son of Champat Rai.

Aurangzeb is stunned. Champat Rai's exploits in Bundelkhand had given him countless sleepless nights. Eventually, Aurangzeb had to deploy a special team that ambushed Champat Rai by deceit. The invincible warrior was defeated not by brave men but by hired women who exploited Champat Rai and Lal Kunwar's vow to protect the dignity of every woman.

Aurangzeb: Kafir! The son of Champat Rai must consider it a favour that I have not ordered him beheaded.

Chhatrasaal: Pig! I do not beg favours. I have my sword to snatch what is mine.

Aurangzeb orders: Kill this Hindu who has forgotten his place in the world.

Chhatrasaal: Come forward; let me send each of you where you belong.

## **What happened next**

With one stroke of the sword, Chhatrasaal beheaded two soldiers who approached him. Turned around and thrust his sword across

the stomach of another attacker. Turned back again and raced towards Aurangzeb.

### **And then**

Aurangzeb was sitting safe quite high and across obstacles. But the fire in the boy's eyes scared him. He fell down as he made a run from behind the throne. One could hear someone tumbling down the stairs.

Chhatrasaal dispatched two more to hell as he made his way to exit. He got on his horse and rode out of the durbar. Some more faced his sword on his way out.

The Mughals got back their senses after a while. It was too late.

They started counting the dead bodies and heads. But it took them several decades to realise fully that this was the most expensive near-miss in the history of Mughal invasion.

### **Aftermath**

Chhatrasaal started with five horsemen and went on to create an independent Bundelkhand Empire. He was a close ally of Shivaji and Marathas.

He fought countless battles with Mughals and never lost once.

He earned a reputation of being a ghost among his enemies. The scene of Delhi Durbar haunted Aurangzeb for every night till his death in 1707. Before Chhatrasaal died in 1731, he had made sure that the Mughal princes would be beggars in the immediate future.

### **What Now**

Chhatrasaal paid his debt to freedom-fighters before him. Now, it is time for us to pay our debts to safeguard this freedom.

## The river of death

Date: Sometime in March 1671

Place: Brahmaputra River, Saraighat, Assam near Guwahati

### Flashback

Assam was ruled by Ahoms during Mughal era around Delhi. Every Mughal invader from Akbar to Aurangzeb had a dream to conquer Assam. Ahoms were no ordinary mortals. They were famed for their bravery and art of war. The Ahom-Mughal conflicts were cut-throat. Sometimes massive Mughal armies would encroach into Ahom territory. And then Ahoms would push them back.

India has given rise to great legends, and also great traitors. These traitors helped Mughals get stronger and subdue Ahoms. In 1661, Mughals were able to capture the Ahom capital Garhgaon. However, Ahoms continued to bleed Mughals through guerrilla warfare. Eventually, Mughals and Ahom king reached a treaty. Mughals vacated the capital but forced Ahoms to send women and children including those from a royal family in Mughal harem, apart from other humiliating terms of the treaty.



*Lachit Borphukan*

The pacifist king Jaydhwaj Singh later died in grief. And Ahom morale collapsed. When Lachit Borphukan became the general in 1665, he had inherited a demoralised and untrained army with plenty of moles.

He set forth very high personal standards to enthuse the army. He beheaded his own uncle for hesitating to perform his duty and risking Ahom security. This earned him the respect of soldiers and title of Bir (brave).

In next two years, a revamped Ahom army with training in modern and innovative war methods was ready to take on the Mughals. But some cracks and moles remained.

The Ahom army sailed to Guwahati and took it back from Mughals in 1667. This was followed by retaking of other important forts and destinations over next two years. Aurangzeb was furious. He sent a massive army of more than 70,000 to completely destroy Ahom empire.

The Mughal army reached Assam in 1669 and then the fight began. Ahoms were skilled in guerrilla warfare and navy. Mughals were strong on ground and plains. Both sides would force the other side to engage in their preferred locations to win. The battles continued for next two years. Mughals used the age-old ploy of bribing traitors in Ahom army to win some strategic battles. They could also bring additional reinforcements. Gradually Mughals were having an upper hand.

Mughals had also strengthened their navy. By 1671, Mughals had a massive navy with huge ships. Ahoms had small boats.

The Ahom army was once again demoralised due to successive defeats in previous few battles. They had been forced to retreat till the edge of Guwahati. Lachit was severely ill and bed-ridden. Doctors were unable to find a cure and suggested end was imminent. Mughals knew this was the best time for final assault from the navy route.

## **Situation**

Munawwar Khan, the Mughal admiral, is smoking hukkah (pipe) on his ship and fondling with the girl he brought on the ship. He can see Saraighat ahead of him. The Brahmaputra gets very narrow at Saraighat. If he can force his ships through Saraighat, Ahoms will have no more places to escape. Each Mughal ship has sixteen cannons. Victory is certain.

"I will have ten Ahom girls tonight. All from the royal family. We will destroy the Kamakhya temple tomorrow. Aurangzeb will promote me!" He kisses the girl he has brought with him.

Lachit's trusted commanders enter his room. They want to discuss options for a graceful surrender.

Lachit throws away the blanket and shouts, 'Safety of the nation is in my hands. Would I surrender like a coward and go back to wife and children?'

He orders seven war-boats. Jumps on one of them and commands others to follow him.

## **What happened next**

Mughals are confused. The mist does not offer clear visibility. Suddenly they see a boat approaching them. They fire a cannon. It misses. The boat swiftly turns sideways but continues to approach them. There is another boat. And one more. And one more. Very fast. Following a zigzag path.

The first boats penetrate the Mughal zone. Mughal ships and cannons are unable to shoot this swift machine.

Meanwhile, Munawwar Khan stands up to dress up after the hookah. Reaches up to the girl to fondle for last time before Saraighat arrives and battle-time begins. The girl sees the swift machine behind Munawwar and raises the alarm. Munawwar turns back.



Lachit is on a boat in front of him. How did he come here? Before he could blink, a bullet passes through his forehead.

The Admiral of Mughal navy is dead.

### **And then**

Lachit's leadership by example has inspired the Ahoms. The seven boats he surged ahead with are followed by other boats. Swift, small, and agile. The massive, well-equipped but slow ships of Mughals are not prepared for this rapid-fire onslaught.

The boats surround the Mughals from all over. And a bridge of boats is built across the Brahmaputra.

Munawwar is followed by three more top-ranking amirs to his journey to hell. And then, one Mughal soldier starts falling after another.

The Mughal forces are completely routed in this battle on the river. Four thousand die while others retreat back for life.

### **Aftermath**

This was the last Mughal experiment with navy. Within no time, entire Assam was freed of the Mughal rule. The heavy casualties destroyed the backbone of the Mughal rule. Elsewhere, Rajputs, Marathas, Sikhs and others were bleeding the Mughals.

Lachit's died within a year due to the fatal illness. But before that, he had given a new life to the freedom movement of India.

That courage of Lachit to take on the Mughal fleet all alone sealed the fate of Mughals forever. Today, some Mughal princes are found begging on Guwahati Railway station. They still blame the curse of Kamakhya tantriiks for what happened to them.

### **What Now**

When you feel overwhelmed and hopeless, read this story to

know what one Lachit could do all alone. And remember, freedom is not free.

# The death that gave life

Date: 24 November 1675

Place: Chandni Chowk, Delhi

## Flashback

Mughal tyrant Aurangzeb had vowed to make India Dar ul Islam (the land of Islam). He pledged to complete what his murderous ancestors like Babur, Akbar and Jahangir planned but could not execute. It is the conquest of Hindus (Ghazwa e Hind). Destruction of every temple - the centres of idolatry, the greatest 'sin' as per Islamists. Conversion or death of every single Hindu male. Rape and enslavement of every Hindu female. Millions were converted to Islam by the sword. Number of women in Mughal Harems reached in thousands. The existence of Hindus had a big question mark.

## Situation

The tyrant had announced.

All the Kashmiri Pandits must be converted to Islam.



*Bhai Mati Das Ji's Balidan*

All temples must be desecrated.

All idols must be powdered.

All men must be circumcised.

Those who refuse must be slaughtered.

Kashmir that was already looted and plundered by Sikander Butshikan and countless Jihadis earlier.

Kashmir that was still recovering from the wounds of the destruction of Martanda Surya Mandir and hundreds of other big Hindu temples that were razed to the ground.

In the hatred of Islamic idol worship.

Kashmir had bled with the blood of millions already.

Hindus had almost vanished from the valley.

And there was this new wave of terror.

A new face of terror.

But the root was old.

Hatred for idolaters and Kafirs.

Hatred for which idolaters of Mecca were killed.

Hatred for which Muhammad Bin Qasim shipped Sindhi women to Baghdad.

Hatred for which Mahmud of Ghazna invaded India and destroyed Somnath many times while raping and killing natives.

Hatred for which Muhammad Ghori and his Ustad Moinuddin Chisti invaded India and raped Hindu women.

Hatred for which Alauddin Khilji attacked Chittor and Maharani Padmini along with hundreds of women entered the huge fire to protect their honour.

Hatred for which Bakhtiyar Khilji burnt down the Nalanda.

Hatred for which Timur killed around 17 Million people.

Hatred for which Babur raised pillars of Kafirs' cut-heads and destroyed Ram Mandir.

Hatred for which Akbar killed 30,000 non-combatant women, children and men in a single day on the conquest of Chittor.

Hatred for which Shahzada Salim aka Jahangir tortured Guru Arjan Dev to death.

Hatred for which Shahjahan had Harem of 4,000 Kafir women.

Hatred for which every single Jihadi invader came to India leaving behind his country and people.

The commandment that they believed was from Allah.

To establish Islam on Hindu Kafirs of India.

Ghazwa e Hind.

That will open gates of heaven by triggering Judgement Day.

Hindu faith was yet again put to the test.

And like always, there was a saviour.

Earlier it was Bappa Rawal.

Then Param Dev.

Then Prithviraj Chauhan.

Then Maharana Kumbha.

Then Maharana Sanga.

Then Maharana Pratap.

Then Guru Arjan Dev.

Now it was Guru Tegh Bahadur.

Guru Tegh Bahadur sent his message to Aurangzeb.

Show your strength to me.

If you can convert me to Islam, all Hindus will follow me.

But if you can't make me leave my Hindu faith, you won't touch Hindus.

That was an insult to the tyrant.

Aurangzeb ordered to bring Guru to Delhi.

Guru reached Delhi.

Bhai Mati Das followed.

Bhai Sati Das followed.

Bhai Dayala followed.

Many Hindu-Sikhs followed the beloved Guru.

Emperor asked Bhai Mati Das - 'do you accept Islam?'

'Never, Dharma is any day better,' he roared.

Emperor got a tight slap.

Bhai Mati Das was sawn into two from head to toe.

Emperor asked Bhai Dayala - 'do you accept Islam?'

'Never,' Bhai Dayala roared.

Emperor got a tighter slap.

Bhai Dayala was tied up in chains.

Thrown in boiling oil.

Burnt alive.

Emperor asked Bhai Sati Das - 'do you accept Islam?'

'Never,' Bhai Sati Das roared.

An even tighter slap on the face.

Bhai Sati Das was wrapped in cotton.

The cotton was set on fire.



Khalsa Hindu Army by Guru Gobind Singh Ji



Bhai Sati Das was burnt alive in front of the public.

Now was Guru's turn.

Emperor asked Guru, 'accept Islam.'

'Dharma is dearer to me than life,' roared Guru.

'Islam is not acceptable to me. Do what you can,' Guru challenged Aurangzeb.

The slap was unbearable. Emperor's head spun.

He was furious.

Finally, the butcher came.

Guru sat in meditation.

In unison with Wahe Guru.

In love of Eeshvar!

Free from the fear of death.

His revered head fell on the ground.

His falling head had raised Dharma again.

Hindus now knew their faith was worth fighting for.

It was worth killing for.

It was worth dying for.

Hindus knew Guru did not accept Islam.

And this was a message.

Never change your faith, come what may.

Children of Ram will never become slaves of invaders, come what may.

The Guru's death gave life to Dharma.

A death worthy of a million births.

Guru who was called 'Hind Di Chaddar'.

The Shield of Hindu and Hindustan.

Hindu Shield against Islamic sword.

Shield every Hindu worships today.

With folded hands.

With wet eyes.

### **What happened next**

Guru Tegh Bahadur's son Guru Gobind Singh established Khalsa - Hindu Army against Islamic tyranny.

The Army that would punish Jihadi Turks and cow-killers. Khalsa Army had finest Hindu warriors who had vowed to turn the tables in Punjab. These fighters were known as Sikhs. Guru Gobind Singh Ji sacrificed his four sons for Dharma. He inspired Banda Vairagi, a Hindu warrior saint who avenged Mughal tyranny to the fullest. Within next 100 years, Mughals, Afghans and other Jihadi martial races were buried deep down the ground.

After Banda Vairagi, Maharaja Ranjit Singh and Sardar Hari Singh Nalwa took charge of Hindu counteroffensive. They reestablished Hindu Khalsa rule all over today's Pakistani Punjab, Kashmir, and the area till Afghanistan. Guru Tegh Bahadur's sacrifice gave birth to the invincible Hindu resistance.

## **What Now**

Some beggars claiming to be descendants of emperor Aurangzeb with his original paintings can be seen on major railway stations. Sometimes there is a fight between two of them over whose great-grandmother had a higher place in emperor's Harem. The place where Guru's head fell, is now the national capital of India. It is now governed by proud children of Guru Tegh Bahadur. Now the world knows who was the real emperor.

Read this story to your children. They will never become slaves of anyone.

## 300

Date: 25 June 1679

Place: Bhooli Bhatiyari, Jhandewalan, Delhi

### **Flashback**

Jaswant Singh, king of Marwar, died in December 1678. Aurangzeb requested meeting with queen and the new-born child who would be next king. A delegation of Marwar led by loyal Durga Das Rathore met Aurangzeb in Delhi to reconfirm the treaty between two kingdoms.

Aurangzeb refused to acknowledge the treaty and consider the baby as a king till it reaches maturity. He forced the queen and the child into the harem and demanded both get converted to Islam if they want the kingdom back. At the same time, he sent an army to Marwar to bring it under direct Mughal control.

Rajputs had been cheated by invaders once again. But there was one difference. Durga Das Rathore - the master strategist and brave warrior - was alive.

## **Situation**

A snake charmer is demonstrating wonderful tricks. The women in harem demand that he be brought inside so that they can enjoy the show. The charmer enthralls everyone. But the Naag he brings out is obstinate. Instead of obeying the charmer, it speeds up towards the women. Nagin follows the Naag. Then more snakes come out. There are snakes everywhere. Guards are called in to catch the snakes. There is commotion.

Meanwhile, the Marwar queen and the baby slip out. The snake charmer was trusted Jaadawji of Marwar durbar.

Phase 1 of the plan is successful.

Now comes the real challenge. Marwar is 500 kilometres away. And they have only 300 men to fight the Mughals. They have a lead time of around an hour before Mughals realise that the prisoners are freed. They must do all they can to save the prince to save the kingdom.

## **What happened next**

The 300 Rajputs are pursued by the Mughals. When Mughals get near, 15 of them stay to block them. The rest race ahead towards Mewar.

These 15 heroes fight Mughals to death. One Rajput can match 10 Mughals.

They give more lead time to the rest of Rajputs.

Then 15 more stay to ambush the Mughals. And rest race further ahead.

Eventually, only nine Rajputs survive. But the martyrs have wiped off the entire troop of thousands of Mughals before sacrificing their lives.



## **And then**

Two Mughals sneak in as the Rajputs reach Balunda. As they move ahead to kill the remaining Rajputs, someone shouts from behind. They turn behind to face none other than Durga Das Rathore himself. Before they could react, their heads are rolling in the sand.

The Marwari Rajputs have accomplished the only mission of its kind in history.

## **Aftermath**

Prince Ajit Singh stayed safe in Balunda till his teenage. Meanwhile, Durga Das launched a counter-offensive on Mughals. The guerrilla warfare methods innovated by Maharana Pratap had reached great sophistication under Durga Das's leadership.

To avenge Aurangzeb, Durga Das first turned the Mughal's son against him and then became the guardian of Aurangzeb's grand-daughter. He made strategic alliances with Marathas, other Rajputs, and Sikhs. And then began a coordinated barrage of offences that bled Mughals. Mughals had to divert resources from one war to another. He used his skills to turn sons of Aurangzeb's harem against each other.

Eventually, the Mughal Empire collapsed.

In 1706, Durga Das negotiated a deal with Aurangzeb in return of his grand-daughter and other members of royal family. Aurangzeb asked his grand-daughter, "How does that rat look like?"

She scolded back, "Dare you say anything against Dadaji. Under his guardianship, no one ever looked upon us. He arranged a Qazi to teach me Quran."

"What?", Aurangzeb was stunned.

She continued, "Dadaji does not respect you. He says that those

who rape and break temples are a disgrace to humanity. Those who believe that all non-Muslims will go to Hell are rascals. To destroy such pigs must be the goal of every human. But I cannot give punishment for crimes of your grandfather to you. A Kanya (unmarried woman) is a mother among Hindus. We worship her as Durga. No Hindus will ever touch a girl, even if she belongs to the enemy camp. Live freely here. You are my daughter."

Aurangzeb did not know what to say. The slap was more lethal than all attacks he had faced and given in his life. He got bed ridden. And he died an insane man within a year.

Durga Das successfully consolidated the Marwar Empire after decimating Mughals totally. His diplomacy resulted in a royal bloodbath in Mughal harem after Aurangzeb's death. He then took Sanyas and went to Ujjain to serve Mahakaal. On 22 November 1718, he left this mortal world seated in meditation lotus position.



## **Lion's cage**

Date: 9 June 1716

Places: Gurdaspur, Punjab and Chandni Chowk, Delhi

Fort's gates were opened after months. No one came out. The massive Mughal army that had seized fort was unmoved.

Despite an open invitation to sneak in, no Mughal dared to enter the Gurdaspur fort.

They said - he is mightier than Prophet.

He controls Jinns that were supposed to be controlled by Allah.

He had turned Allah's Jinns against Mughals. He had avenged the brutal murder of Guru's children.

Wazir Khan, the butcher of Guru's children, had been butchered.

Punjab was plundered again. But this time not by Mughal invaders. Hunters had been hunted.

Mughals were subjected to what they did to Hindus.

Punjab was bleeding again. But blood was Turkish this time.  
Tables were turned.

Every rape was avenged.

Every killing was avenged.

Every desecrated temple was avenged.

A Hindu Sanyasi taught Mughals how Hindu sword tastes and  
how the Mughal tyranny tastes.

Punjab was under Hindu rule again after centuries.

Though in the minority, in numeric terms, the Hindu sword of  
a Sanyasi was ripping mighty Mughal commanders one after  
another.

Mughal armies would start with Allahu Akbar and end without  
fighting a single Hindu.

Armies after armies fled the battlefield.

Fear of a Hindu ghost had gripped their hearts.

Mughals feared throw of his spear. How long it was!

Mughals feared his big sword. How heavy it was!

Mughals feared his arrows. How powerful they were!

His force was unmatched.

Impossible for a human being.

Mughals spied on him.

How can a Kafir have such physical strength?



*Sikh warriors*

Strength that put entire Islamic armies to shame again and again.

We were told opposite!

Does he perform some secret worship?

Nobody knew.

The Kafir ghost won enemies.

But the friends betrayed.

He was dragged into Sikh-Non-Sikh debate amidst the bloodshed.

For some, he was not Sikh enough despite avenging Guru's children.

He was conspired against when it was time to give Jihadi invaders a final blow.

His information was passed on to Mughals thanks to traitors.

Army of 30,000 Mughals led by Abdul Samad Khan had surrounded Gurdaspur fort to capture Hindu ghost.

Massive armies from Lahore and Jalandhar too had arrived to silence the Hindu sword.

All Mughals and Sultans that the Hindu ghost defeated had arrived to extract revenge.

And those he had fought for, whose lives he saved - decided to turn away.

The most shameful chapter of history!

There were 730 men inside the fort.

Each willing to take lives for the commander.

Commander whom the enemies knew as Hindu ghost.

Commander having Rajput blood in veins.

Commander who taught Hindus to be victorious.

Commander who taught Sikhs to be fighters.

Commander who taught Hindu-Sikhs - we are one.

It was probably the last day for 730 men.

Commander was silent.

We are ready to fight - men told commander.

Commander refused.

For the first time.

The ghost lowered the guard.

We are not fighting. He commanded.

Nobody moved. Everyone knew it was impossible.

'You are not fighting,' he commanded in harder tone.

'But why?' the men asked.

'They may spare you if we surrender,' he told.

But they will kill you. This seize is not for us. It is for you. The men refused.

730 lives over one death anytime. He sealed his judgment.

The gates were open.

Hours later, the armies started marching into the fort.

Screams of Allahu Akbar and Nara e Takbir were everywhere.

The Hindu ghost was to be captured alive.

And that was a task.

Who could handcuff the lion?

Finally, 50 finest Mughal fighters entered his room.

The Mughals looked at each other.

Their heads could be chopped off any moment.

The ghost had this impression on Mughals.

He could remove multiple heads with a single swing of his sword.

Mughals witnessed this in wars.

They were afraid.

Nobody dared approaching the ghost who was still sitting quiet.

The Rajput was preparing for a strange end.

Fighting was easy.

Dying was easier.

Killing was easiest.

But soldiers' lives were hard to waste.

Commander made a deal.

My men won't be touched.

Take me with you.

Mughals were relieved!

So the ghost was about to surrender!

Allah was indeed great!

They all shouted - Allahu Akbar!

Mughals celebrated while the Hindu commander was emotionless.

He had not eaten for weeks.

The body was weak.

But he was still stronger than the strongest of Mughals.

He could not be approached by even choicest of Mughals.

It took heart to touch lion, even if unarmed.

The Hindu ghost stood up.

The Mughal team in the room was frightened. What will he do next?

He smiled.

Took his bow in mighty hands for the last time.

Kissed it. Then threw it away.

Next was sword's turn.

Mughals had realised.

Rajput was saying a final goodbye to the weapons.

The commander had removed the heavy armour.

His wrists were now free from the wrist-shields.

The heavy war-helmet was no more on his head.

He was Sanyasi before turning warrior.

The finest warrior had again turned Sanyasi!

'Come on, capture me,' commander roared.

The Mughal handcuff was too short for the wrist.

The wrist was big.

Forearms were solid as mace.

The chest was broad, sufficient to hide two Mughals behind.

Biceps were huge.

Ghost was indeed a miracle of God!

The Mughals envied him.

Why is not our commander like him?

Why is a Hindu Kafir so blessed and not a Musalman?

They all had to wait.

Finally, the Mughals arranged for an iron cage.

Tall, wide and huge!

As if they have captured a lion!

First time in the history of Mughals!

They had to acknowledge their chains are too weak to handle a Kafir!

The heavy gate of the cage was opened.

The lion entered it without bothering anyone.

He was not alone in a cage.



7 years old son was also captured with him.

'Take him to the emperor,' Mughal commander said!

And all 700 men.

50 spears were on the Rajput's head.

He was not allowed to sit down in the cage.

Mughals feared, he could perform his secret worship and invoke Jinns.

Such was the ghost's fear!

The lion reached Delhi with 700 men surrounded by the massive enemy army.

People gathered on both sides of the road.

Look at that. How big he is. Is he human? They were asking each other.

'Accept Islam,' Emperor asked Sanyasi in court.

'Free my companions,' said gigantic Sanyasi.

'Forget them. Accept Islam first,' Emperor warned.

'First? Not even in last,' The Rajput dismissed the Mughal's plans with disdain.

'Give them the torturous death. The most brutal death that world has not seen,' Emperor ordered.

100 men were tortured and killed on day one.

Another 100 on the second day.

Another 100 on the third day.

Then 100 on the fourth, fifth and sixth day.

Last 100 remained on the seventh day.

Final day.

Others were taken away for routine torture.

Emperor had different plans for the Hindu commander.

Rajput stood tied in heavy chains from top to toe.

Chains as heavy as himself.

And there was his 7 years old innocent. Tied in chains.

'Cut him into two,' Emperor ordered Hindu commander  
Dagger in his hands.

He was ordered to cut his own 7 years old son into two.

A commander's heart was unperturbed.

But father's heart was restless.

They will kill him brutally if I don't, he thought.

Tears in the eyes.

Killing him was the best thing he could do to his son.

Father put a dagger to son's throat.

Women were crying. Men were hiding their tears. The scene was tragic.

Suddenly he stopped.

He threw away dagger.

Father could not slit son's throat even in compassion.

This was not the Indian Hindu tradition.

Father knows how to protect children. Not how to kill.

Emperor was furious over contempt.

He ordered a Mughal to teach Kafir a lesson.

The Mughal picked up dagger silently and chopped little hands of innocent.

Fountain of blood started flowing.

Mughals laughed.

Father looked at the son.

Mughal kept chopping child's flesh slowly while chanting Allahu Akbar.

Son was screaming in pain.

But no word of apology.

No word of surrender.

He did not learn to apologise to pigs.

He did not learn to surrender.

He was as brave as his father.

The Mughal left the bleeding child on the floor to die.

Kid's flesh in hands.

'Eat it,' Mughal ordered Rajput.

Rajput spit on Mughal's face.

Son's flesh was forced down his throat the next moment.

Every single person in the court cried.

Mughals forced the father to eat son's flesh.

This was the Kafir's punishment for rebelling against Islamic rule.

This was the revenge for plunder of Samana, Ambala, Saifabad, Samovar, Damna, Kaithal, Mukhlis Garh, Kunjpur, Maler Kotla, Sirhind, Lahore, Jagraon, Raikot, Saharanpur, Najeebabad, Jalalabad, Moradabad and countless other Muslim ruled areas. This was the revenge for Usman Khan, Wazir Khan and hundreds of Muslim rulers or governors whom the Rajput Vairagi had killed to avenge persecution of Hindus.

Vairagi had snatched away a significant portion of Punjab.

Islamic rule was defeated by Hindu sword.

Hindu rule was established in Muslim majority Punjab.

Cow-killing had stopped.

Destruction of temples had stopped.

Rapes of Hindu women were stopped.

The cost of Islamic adventures was raised beyond limits.

Muslim invaders were made to surrender before Hindu throne.

Insult of centuries was avenged.

Vairagi's task was complete.

He had no remorse.

Hindu rule again in Punjab was his dream.

He fulfilled it with his mighty hands.

He had no more wish left.

50 spears with red-hot tips were testing Rajput's endurance.

His skin peeled off.

His flesh cut-out.

His organs removed.

Every single loath of flesh was scraped off the body.

The giant gave the last goodbye to the pieces of his son.

Mughals stabbed the hunk from all directions while he stood tall.

The Rajput was taking the last breaths.

Eyes almost closed.

But feet had not given up.

Knees had not bent.

Head had not bowed.

Rajput had not surrendered.

The body had almost vanished.

Mughals felt no joy.

Joy that would come from Kafir's screams.

But this Kafir was made up of a different metal.

He did not utter a single word.

He kept smiling.



*Veer Banda Vairagi*

He defeated an enemy even in the final fight.  
When he was without sword and armour.  
When he was in the cage.  
Mughals took the Rajput out of the cage.  
The hunk was ready to join his Vishnu!  
This was the time of liberation.  
I did enough. Now the Hindus must fight back.  
And the moment came.  
A mammoth approached the Rajput.  
Hands wide open, legs wide open. The Rajput was lying.  
Waiting for the death.  
Smile still on face.  
Har Har Mahadev and Jo Bole So Nihal still on lips.  
Finally, the Rajput had been crushed under the heavy elephant legs.  
But he was late.  
Rajput had already crushed the Mughal Empire in Punjab.  
Sanyasi, a Vairagi, man on a mission.  
The man who had liberated Punjab from Islamic rule was liberated today.  
The journey worth remembering.  
The soul worth worshipping.

The efforts worth following.

Madho Das, Kafir ghost, Banda Singh, Banda Bahadur, Banda Vairagi, Hindu commander, Rajput, Sikh commander.

Just few names of the legend.

Legend who made Jihadi invaders run like rats in wars.

A legend who made Hindu heads up again after centuries.

A legend who made Hindu women feel safe after centuries.

A legend because of whom Hindustan is still Hindustan and not some Mughalistan.

### **What happened next**

Banda Vairagi had paved the way for Hindu rule in Punjab again. Few decades later, Maharaja Ranjit Singh took over Punjab. His bravest commander Sardar Hari Singh Nalwa extended his empire till Afghanistan.

Mughals were beaten. Pathans were beaten. The region of Punjab, Kashmir, and Khyber that had 90% of Muslim population was under Hindu rule of Maharaja Ranjit Singh. Nalwa blocked the Khyber Pass once and for all. This was the route of invaders. The Hindus gave it back to Afghans for the first time. The tide was turned.

Pathans were now paying taxes to Sikh Empire. Vairagi had put the founding stone of Hindu rule in Punjab. Maharaja and Nalwa built a whole empire. The Jihadi martial race was humiliated. No Jihadi could kill a cow. No Jihadi could scream Azans publicly. No Jihadi could carry a sword with him. No Jihadi could ride a horse. Everything that was banned for Hindus in Jihadi rule for centuries was repaid in same currency with interest. The myth of invincible Pathans or martial race Mughals had been silenced with Hindu sword.



## **What Now**

Sword of Banda Vairagi had a deeper impact on Jihadis than what Mughals and invaders thought. The Muslim invaders built a narrative in India. Which was, 'Muslims are the superior race. Hindus are inferior. Muslims are physically stronger. Hindus are weaker. Muslims are a martial race. Hindus are Baniya (coward traders). One Muslim is equivalent to 100 Hindu Kafirs in war.'

But the way Rajput Vairagi butchered armies of Wazir Khan and Mughals for years one after another almost single-handed, Muslim population lost its faith in Mullah's martial race bogus claims. They were seeing a Rajput Hindu dispatching Jihadi armies to hell in no time. They believed Vairagi had miraculous powers. He could invoke Jinns. God and Prophet seemed helpless in front of his powers. And in no time, 10% Hindu 'Baniya' were ruling 90% martial race Muslims in Punjab, Kashmir and Peshawar.

Today, the descendants of Mughals can be seen on platforms of Delhi's Nizamuddin Railway station selling peanuts with 'original' pictures of Akbar and Shahjahan. They still want to believe one Muslim can beat 100 Hindus. But with the Rajput Banda Vairagi in history, they restrict their claims to selling peanuts to 100 Hindus per day.

Read this story to your kids. They will never become slaves of invaders. That's the way to survive.

## Boy who shook Lahore

Date: Sometime in 1732

Place: Lahore

### **Situation**

14-year-old boy.

Standing amidst the mob of thousands.

Tied in chains.

The mob was chanting Allahu Akbar.

Gustakh e Rasul ki Saza, sir tan se juda (behead the blasphemer).

It was in Lahore during Mughal rule.

The kid was the only Non-Muslim student in the class.

One day his classmates started making fun of his goddess.

The kid tolerated for some time.

He was provoked again.

His goddess was abused this time.

The boy retaliated.

Repeated same words for the daughter of the prophet.

Suddenly the Muslim sentiments got hurt.

The “peaceful” kids started crying.

The lone Hindu boy was alone against the whole class.

Muslim kids approached Qazi (Islamic jury).

Complained about the hurting of peaceful feelings.

Qazi gave the judgement.

The kid had committed blasphemy.

He had to either accept Islam or death.

Kid’s mother pleaded for mercy.

He could save his life.

He just had to recite La ilaah illillaah, Muhammad ur Rasool Allah.

The time came.

He was presented before the court.

Open in public.

‘Do you accept Islam?’ the Qazi asked.

Your life will be spared.

You will get beautiful women.

You will get Jannat hereafter.

Embrace Islam.

Be a slave of Muhammad.

And the kid chose death.

He was asked, 'last chance, do you accept Islam?'

He replied, 'Sons of Ram don't become slaves of prophets.'

His head had been separated from the neck.

In front of his crying mother.

In front of the whole city of Lahore.

The crowd was chanting Allahu Akbar.

Thousands of cowards were celebrating while the real brave blood of kid was making the Lahori soil red.

The kid again proved that a thousand pigs can kill a lion, but cant convert him into a pig.

This is not fiction.

The boy was Haqiqat Rai.

You may not have heard about him.

Thanks to the vision of 'secular' history of current Indian rulers.

Haqiqat Rai may not find a place in government's history books.

But such martyrs of humanity will be a source of inspiration for Indians forever.

Had there been no Haqiqat Rai, there would have been no India or Indians.

Our salute to 14 years old boy who shook Lahore.

Salute to his mother.

Salute to all warriors of humanity.

Death to the terror cult.

Haqiqat Rai, you will always be in our hearts. Thank you so much...

Here is the poem in Hindi by the author on sacrifice of Haqiqat Rai

हजारों आवाजें एक साथ उठ रही थीं- अपना धर्म छोड़ दे । पर शेर अकम्प खड़ा था ।  
माता की आँख में आंसू थे । उसने माँ के आंसू पोंछे । जल्लाद के आगे सर तान लिया,  
अगले ही पल वो पावन सर मातृभूमि की गोद में था ।

बालक मर चुका था पर धर्म जी उठा था । ये था हकीकत राय का अमर बलिदान ।

कितना भी दुःख हो शोक तुम नहीं करना ।  
है कृष्ण का सन्देश शोक मत करना ॥

याद आये जब दिल में अपने दुखों की ।  
तुम याद कोई बलिदान कर लेना ॥

चौदह साल का बालक एक हकीकत था ।  
जंजीरों में जकड़ा खड़ा दरबार में था ॥

काजी ने पूछा क्या है ईमान कुबूल ?  
रहता है जिन्दा तुझको या मरना है कुबूल ?

उसने चेहरा उठा के देखा काजी की तरफ ।  
सबकी नजरें थीं उठीं लेकिन बालक की तरफ ॥

स्याने सब कह रहे थे कर ले ईमान कुबूल ।  
शोर सब ओर से होता था कर ईमान कुबूल ॥

नम आँखों से एक बार बस माँ को देखा ।

उन आँखों में आंसू का समंदर देखा ॥

एक हाथ से था पोंछता माँ के आंसू ।  
दूजे हाथ से था पोंछता अपने आंसू ॥

हिल गए ये नजारा देख पत्थर भी ।  
रुक रुक के देखने लगे पर्रिंदे भी ॥

इतने में अचानक एक शोर हुआ ।  
तकबीर का नारा फिर बुलंद हुआ ॥

काजी ने कहा फिर से- है ईमान कुबूल ?  
भीड़ से शोर उठा- कर ले ईमान कुबूल ॥

इतने में हकीकत गरजा सुन काजी !  
तुम कहते हो मैं कर लूं ईमान कुबूल ?

हकीकत को तो बस राम का है नाम कबूल ।  
राम के भक्त कभी बनते हैं गुलाम ए रसूल ?

‘धर्म जिस जीने से खो जाए वो जीना है फिजूल’ ।  
धर्म जिस मरने से जी जाए वो मरना है मंजूर ॥

धर्म प्यारा है मुझे है नहीं ईमान कुबूल ।  
तेरा दीं तुझको मुबारक नहीं ईमान कुबूल ॥

छाया था सन्नाटा मुगल के खेमे में ।  
दिल शेर का है क्या इस कलेजे में ॥

काजी ने कहा कर दो सर इसका कलम ।  
गुस्ताख को मारो करो फितने को खतम ॥

था तैयार भी जल्लाद काम करने को ।  
तलवार जो उठी तो लगी गर्दन को ॥

अगले ही पल वो सर हुआ जुदा तन से ।  
एक धुन सी उठ रही थी उस गर्दन से ॥

धर्म की राह में मर जाते हैं मरने वाले ।  
‘मरके जी उठते हैं जी जाँ से गुजरने वाले’ ॥

कितना ही अँधेरा क्यों न हो दुनिया में ।  
कितनी ही विपत्ति क्यों न हों जीवन में  
हरा के उनको धर्म पे बढते जाना । बलिदान हकीकत का सुनाते जाना... ॥

## Chup sha, Hari Singh Raghlai

Date: Sometime around 1822

Place: Nawanshahr, Punjab

### Flashback

Hindu Khalsa Army commanded by General Hari Singh Nalwa under the rule of Maharaja Ranjit Singh had completely turned the tables at the beginning of 19th century in Punjab, Kashmir, North West Frontier, and a large portion of Afghan's land.

Martial race Mughals were forced to hide like mice. Martial race Pathans were forced to retreat. The direction of invasion was reversed for the first time in few centuries. Earlier, it used to be Mughals and Pathans marching eastwards via Khyber Pass. Now the Hindu Army of Sardar Hari Singh Nalwa was invading the invaders and forcing them to pay tax under Maharaja's rule. Pathans were still dominant in many parts of North West Frontier Region and areas near Afghanistan.





## **Situation**

In Hazara, Pathans abducted hundreds of Hindu women and children.

It was the divine order of the holy book.

Capture Kafir women for enjoyment.

Make them slaves.

Humiliate their families.

Pathan Army of 30,000 men was the strength.

Native Jihadis too joined.

Women were to be distributed among Ghazis.

So that Jihadi warriors could enjoy Kafir women.

And humiliate the faith of idolaters.

This was the fate of Hindu women from centuries.

Islamic invaders did same one after another.

Yet another lot of women was set to be the part of Pathan Harems.

Some of them were mothers of infants separated from their newborns.

Some were teenagers.

Some were even kids.

Sardar Hari Singh got the news.

Had blood in his eyes.

'Enough is enough,' he roared. 'They have abducted enough of our

women. Not a single one from now on.'

Sardar Hari Singh vowed to bring every single Hindu woman back safely.

He left for Hazara the same day.

Martial race Pathans had no idea what was waiting for them.

They were planning about the distribution of booty.

Nalwa attacked Pathan's massive Army from the front.

Attack was fierce.

Sardar Nalwa slew Pathans like rats.

Thousands of them were butchered in no time.

Sword of Nalwa was unstoppable.

After Pratap, Shivaji and Banda Vairagi, another Hindu commander was testing martial skills of Ghazis.

And like before, it was all hoax.

Pathan Army had fled the battlefield.

Sardar Hari Singh was not satisfied yet.

He chased down Pathans.

They all hid inside a huge mosque.

Thinking Hindu won't attack the worship place as Hindu was known to respect religious sentiments.

But this was a different Hindu today.

You touched our women.

There will be no worship place for you now.

The place was surrounded by Nalwa's Army.

At all exits, mighty Hindu Army was deployed.

And then, it was set on fire.

Invaders were getting a taste of their own medicine.

They knew how it feels when someone destroys your worship places.

Waiting for you with a sword in hand at the exit.

The land was cleaned from Ghazi Pathans.

And then there was another Pathan attack waiting.

Near Angror, huge Pathan army gathered to teach Hindu commander a lesson.

They were planning how to attack Nalwa.

But they were late.

Malwa had arrived.

Hunters had been hunted.

Every single war-lord of Pathans was butchered by Nalwa.

Many Pathans were crushed in heavy arms of Hindu Sardar.

He was so big that he played with Pathans like an adult plays with kids.

Martial race Ghazi Pathans who claimed to be unconquered from time immemorial had been conquered on a weekly basis.

The Hindu sword chopped off everything that came in its way.

All Ghazis were dispatched to hell.

Nalwa captured over a thousand Pathan women.

And sent the message across.

For every Pathan woman, give back one Hindu woman.

Every single Hindu woman came back home.

Nalwa did not move from the place until each woman came back to Hindu camp.

On arrival of all of them, Pathan women were freed.

That was the difference.

Jihadis considered Kafir women as booties to be enjoyed.

Nalwa or his men never touched Muslim women.

Treated them like mothers.

And he knew how to protect women of his own camp too.

And this was the secret of his strength.

No Pathan could beat Hari Singh ever.

This was the strength of character.

Hari Singh was famous for his glittering eyes. The eyes that no adversary could look into for long.

In 1823, Muhammad Azim Khan Baraqzai led Pathan Army against Hindu Army led by Nalwa.

The armies were prepared to take on each other eyeball to eyeball.

Suddenly, Nalwa alone marched towards Pathan Army.

No one understood what he was trying to do.

There was unrest in Hindu army.

What is commander doing?

Pathans were stunned.

The famous Kafir commander was approaching their massive army ALONE.

Archers were asked to aim at his head.

The commander won't stop.

The Pathan Commander advanced a bit with few of his men holding forward positions.

Nalwa had made his horse almost touch enemy commander's horse.

He stopped.

Just looked into Pathan's eyes.

And kept looking.

As if challenging him for something.

As if saying - do you have guts to lift your sword on me?

His gigantic built was impossible to conquer physically.

The Pathan tried to make eye contact for a while.

And then something happened that world had never seen before.

The Pathan stepped back.

Hindu commander was still staring him in eyes.

But Pathan's limit had been reached.

He fled the battlefield without swinging his sword even once.

Whole Pathan Army surrendered before Hari Singh without fighting.

The army of the martial race was on its knees on the mercy of Nalwa.

This was the only battle that ended without a drop of blood.

Such was the fear of Sardar Hari Singh Nalwa.

Hundreds of small and big battles.

Victory in all.

Pathans were humiliated in their own land.

Afghans were terrified.

Afghan mothers used to famously put their children to sleep saying "Chup sha, Hari Singh Raghlay" (Keep quiet, Hari Singh is coming).

### **What happened next**

Hindu Army dominated Pathan and Islamic armies under the leadership of Sardar Hari Singh.

Maharaja Ranjit Singh's Khalsa Empire reached till Afghanistan.

Those who collected taxes from Hindus till date were now forced to give tax to Hindu empire.

This was the effect of Nalwa's sword.

Sword that had no parallel.

Sword that could not be defeated by even deceit.



*Hari Singh Nalwa and his army*



Pathan Jihadis used to contaminate food of Hindu army with cow's blood.

With this, Hindu army would refuse to eat it.

Hindu armies lost battles after battles because of this deceit by enemies.

Nobody had a clue.

Nobody had a counterattack.

Sardar Hari Singh was first to crack it!

Once a battalion of his army was surrounded by Pathans.

Nalwa's men had nothing to eat.

Days passed by.

Pathans used to cook their food nearby.

Nalwa ordered his men, be prepared.

We are attacking Pathans right now.

Hindu Khalsa Army raided Pathans.

Nalwa slaughtered a pig.

Its blood was sprinkled on food Pathan army just cooked.

It was now Haram for Pathans.

It was Halal for Hindu Army.

Nalwa's men had enough food.

Pathans were left with two choices.

Either die of hunger or eat Haram food and burn in hell.

Pathans were confused.

And suddenly Nalwa came for the rescue.

Pathans were slaughtered indiscriminately.

No Pathans, no confusion over food.

This was Nalwa's way to settle confusions.

They say Pathans were never conquered until Hindu commander Hari Singh Nalwa entered the battlefield. Because after that, they never won.

### **What Now**

Pathans are in Afghanistan. Hindus are in India. And there was a clear boundary line in between. This was the power of Nalwa's sword. We lost the territory in 1947 that our Sardar won with his sweat and blood. India is incomplete without Lahore, Rawalpindi and Peshawar. These are the cities of our ancestors.

Read this story to your kids. They will never become slaves of anyone. The biggest problem of India today is Jihad. India needs the sword of Nalwa again. India needs a heart of Nalwa again.

## **The Gurkha in Iraq**

Date: Sometime in June 2016

Place: Fallujah, Iraq (ISIS base)

### **Situation**

An injured British Army Special Air Service (SAS) commando surrounded by ISIS elite fighters.

The 27-year-old and his Iraqi team were ambushed by ISIS gunmen leaving several soldiers dead after a fierce gun battle.

The Commando ran short of ammunition.

He was pinned down by a gang of ISIS fighters.

Jihadis moved ahead to behead him.

To let the world see the might of Islamic fighters over Kafir rascal.  
To show how weak idol-worshippers are made to bow before the  
valiant Islamic martial race.

Death was approaching. Jihadis were laughing: Allah is great! Allah-hu-Akbar!

### **The anti-climax**

Commando took out his 18-inch-long Gurkha Knife (Khukri).

Before Jihadis could blink their eyes, one Jihadi's chopped head hit the ground in no time.

The finger of second Jihadi reached gun's trigger. But before he could pull it, blood started spilling from his cut-throat which had been slit the next split-second.

The third fighter realised he was alone. But realisation was a bit late. His head was no longer on his shoulders.

Blood-soaked Khukri then approached three others who were lucky to not be in his arm's range.

The brave and elite Jihadi threesome ran for life realising the power of Kafir's knife.

The man returned to his base with injured soldiers.

They thought he was seriously wounded as he was completely soaked in blood.

He laughed saying the blood isn't mine.

Salutes to the warrior and his Gorkha Khukri! Reminded us of Pratap and Shivaji! You made the humanity proud! This is the way to live. This is the way to let live. God bless.

## About Authors

### **Sanjeev Newar**

Sanjeev Newar is a Yogic scholar of Vedas, Gita and Hinduism. He has written several popular books on Vedas, Yoga, spirituality and misconceptions on Hinduism. He is the founder of Agniveer - a spiritual movement that works for equality of castes, genders, regions and religions in India and abroad. He is pioneer of Dalit Yajna initiative to bring caste equality in tribal regions. He is an eloquent poet, orator and motivational expert who works to address suicidal or depressive tendencies. He is an alumnus of IIT-IIM, and a noted data scientist specializing in Risk Management.

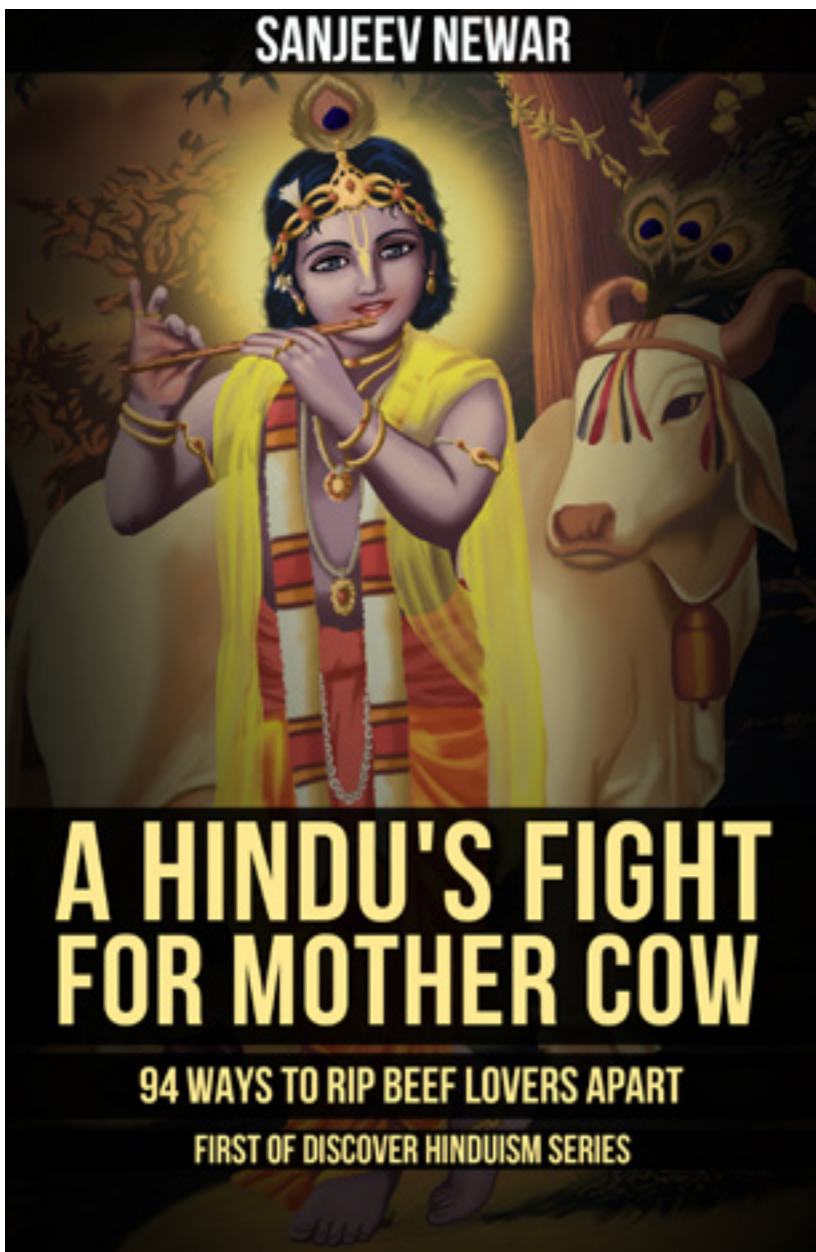
### **Vashi Sharma**

Dr Vashi Sharma is a renowned scholar of religions, extremism, history, Islamic invasions and an expert on de-radicalisation. He is an eloquent author, poet, prose writer, speaker and a scientist. He has written several books in English and Hindi on Islamic extremism, history and motivation. An alumnus of IIT Bombay and recipient of prestigious INSPIRE Faculty Award from Government of India for Scientific Research, Dr Vashi has also published many world class researches in peer-reviewed Scientific Journals of international repute. He is currently the president of Agniveer.

## **Other books from Agniveer**

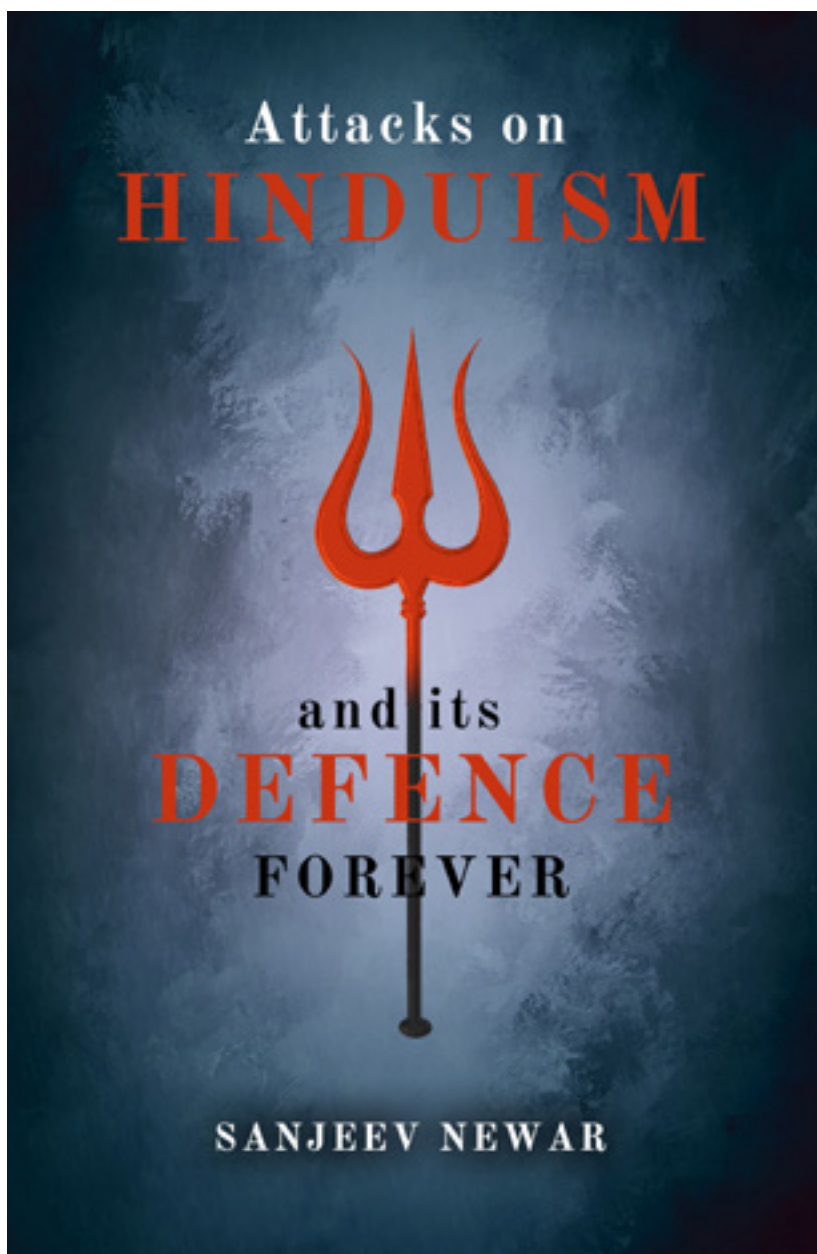
**A HINDU'S FIGHT FOR MOTHER COW**

**SANJEEV NEWAR**



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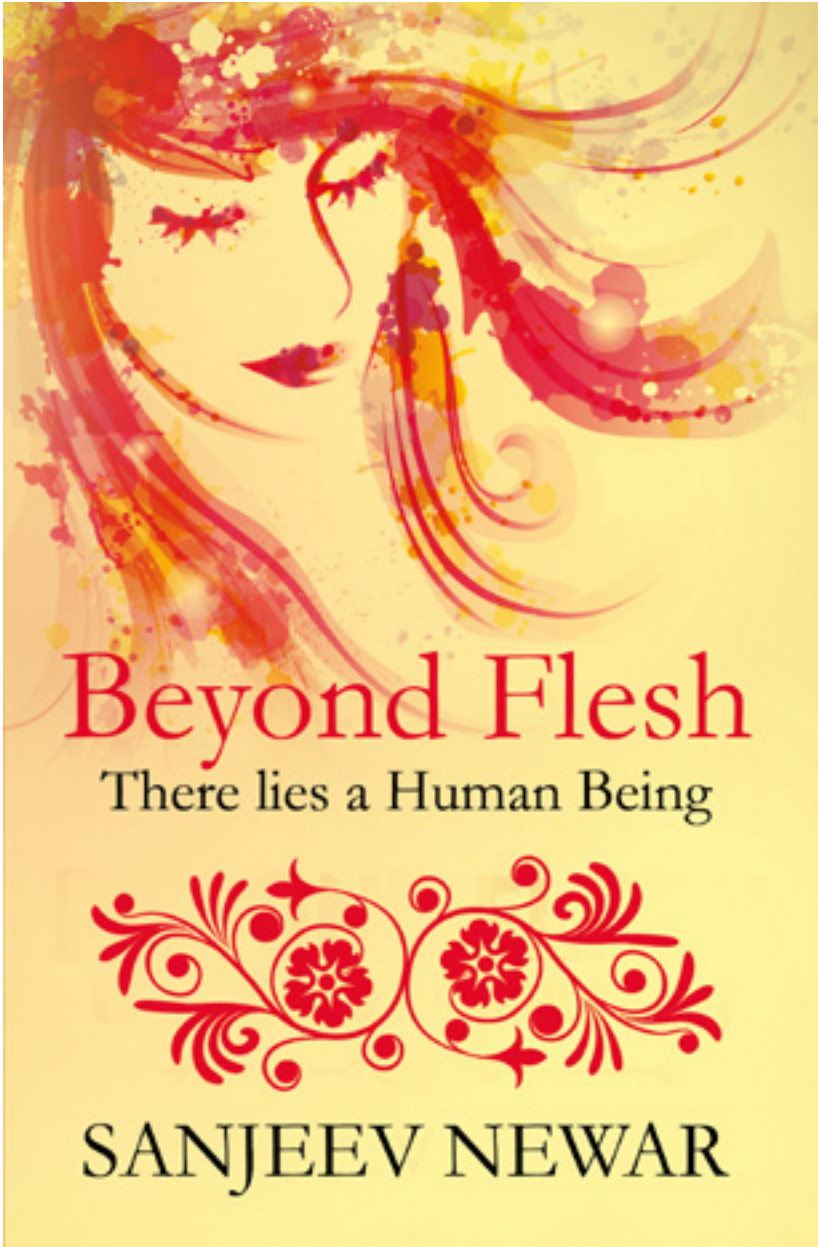
**ATTACKS ON HINDUISM AND ITS DEFENCE FOREVER**



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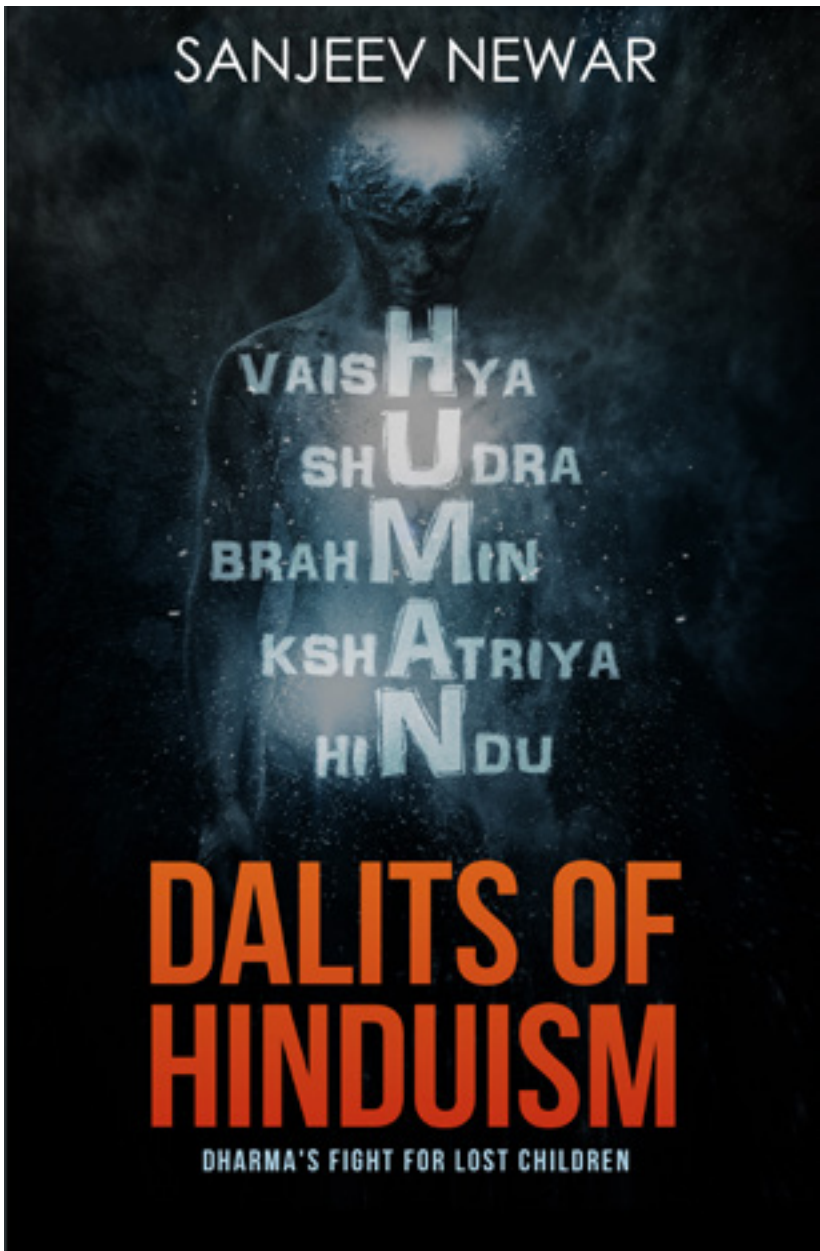


**BEYOND FLESH THERE LIES A HUMAN BEING**



*Book dispels myths about Hinduism being anti-women and establishes why  
Hinduism is lighthouse of women empowerment mission.*  
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## DALITS OF HINDUISM



*Book dispels all myths of birth based caste system in Hinduism and establishes the principles of social equality - the foundations of Hinduism.*  
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SANJEEV NEWAR



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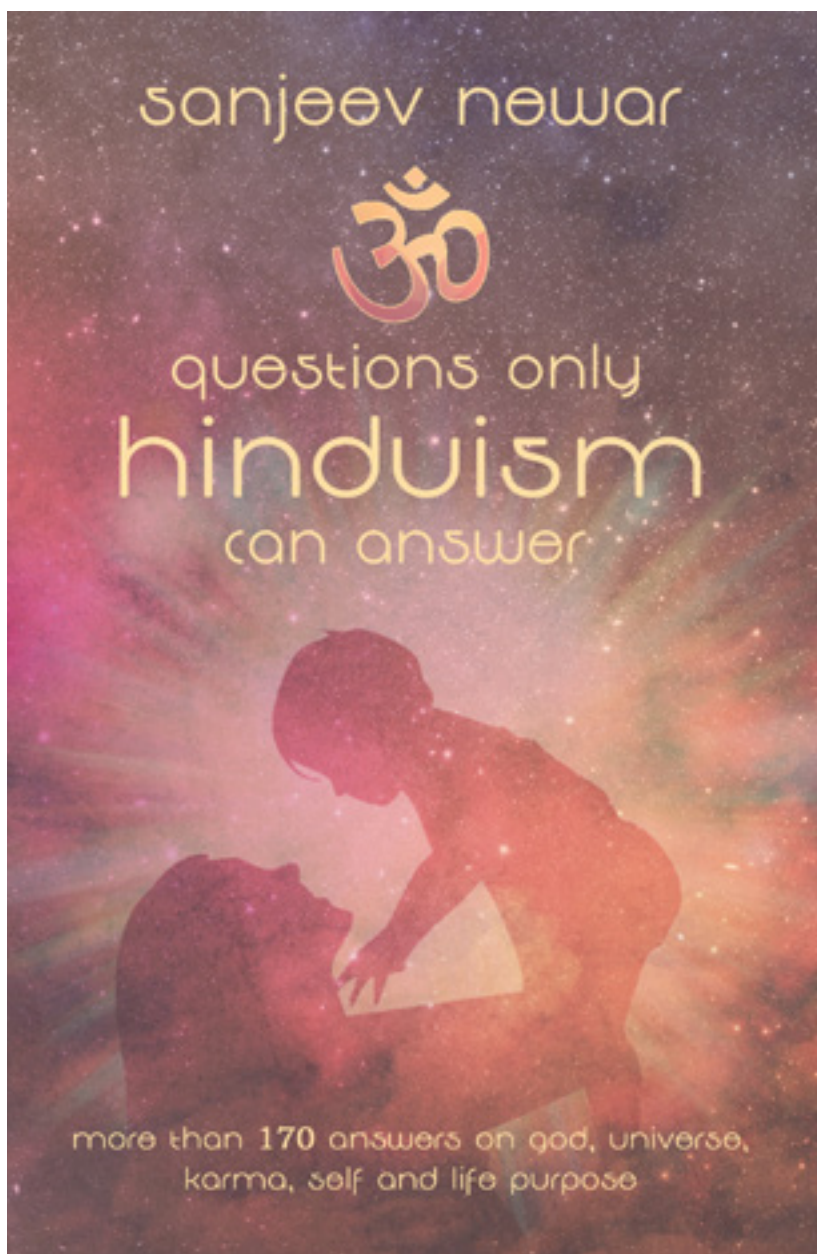
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SANJEEV NEWAR



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✧ FOUNDATION OF HINDUISM ✧



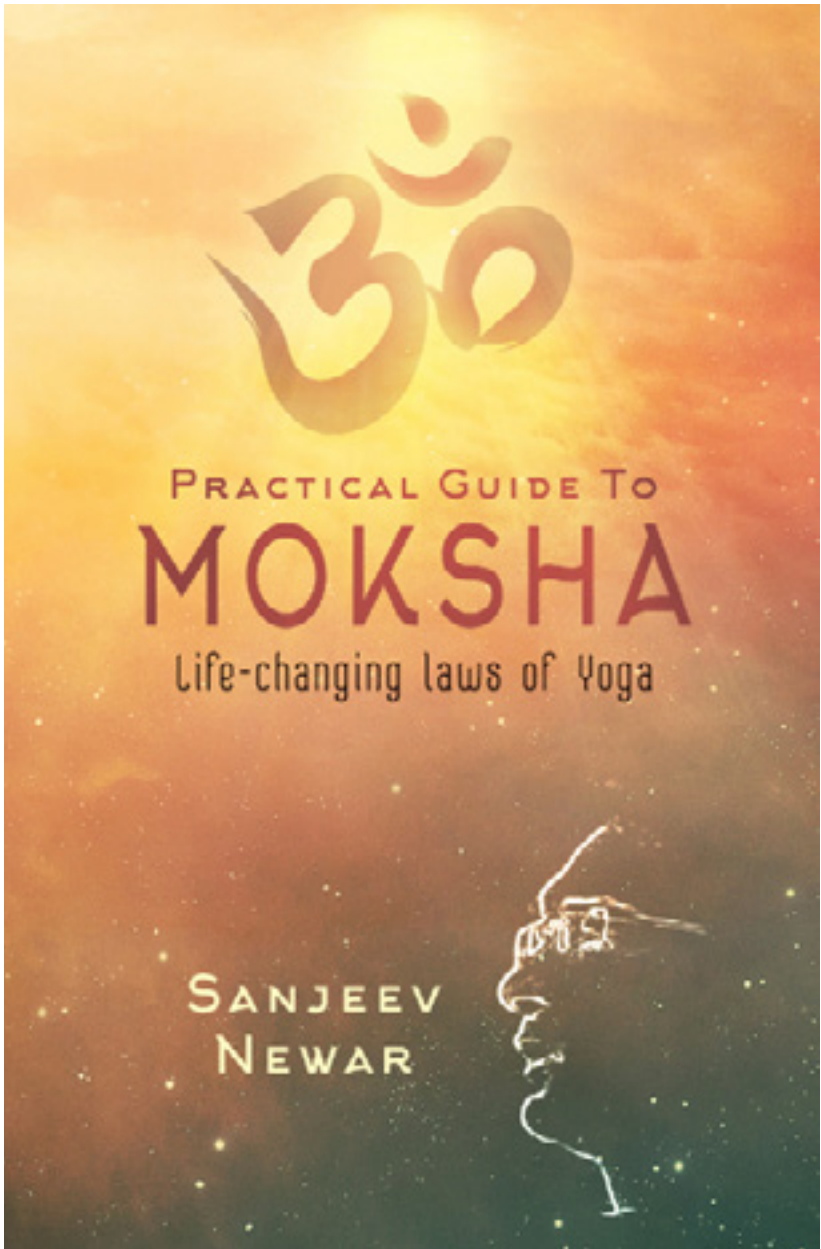
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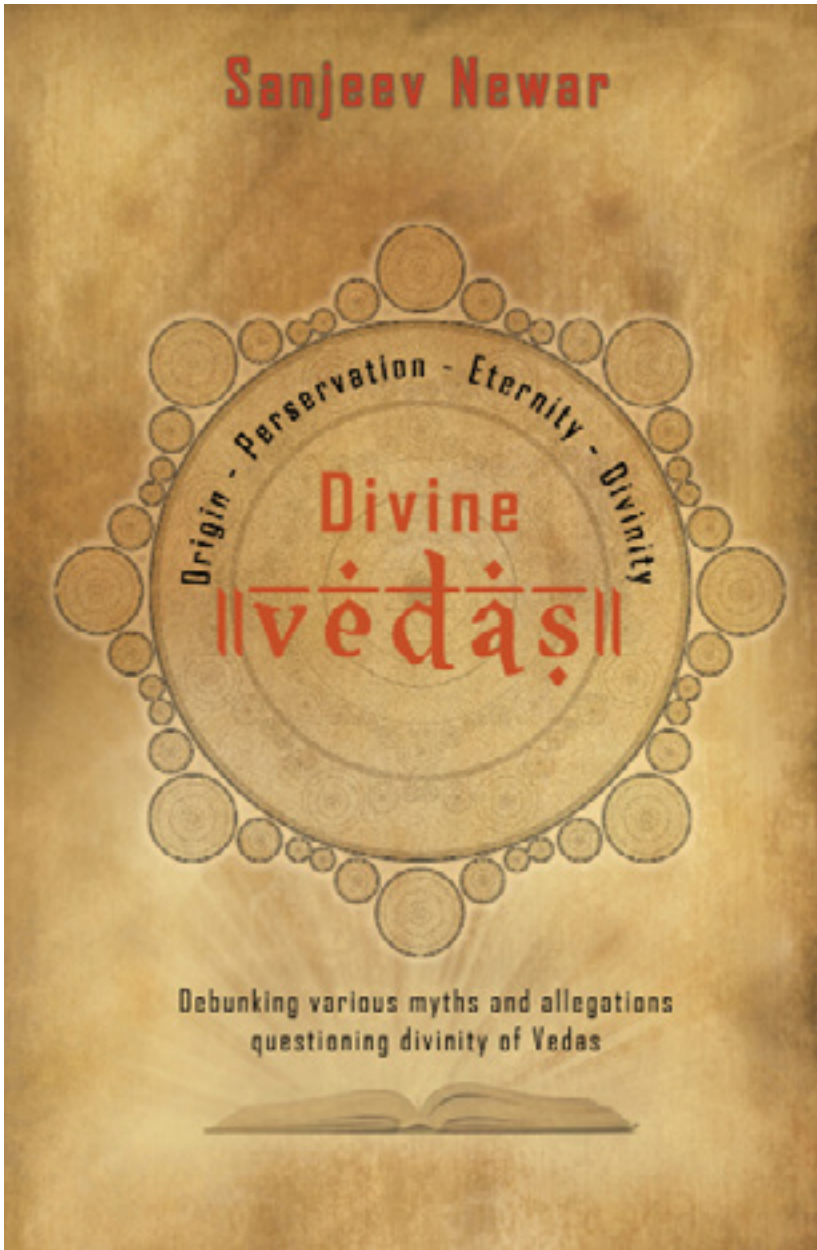
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IS NOT A  
terrorist**

**BY SANJEEV NEWAR  
VASHI SHARMA**

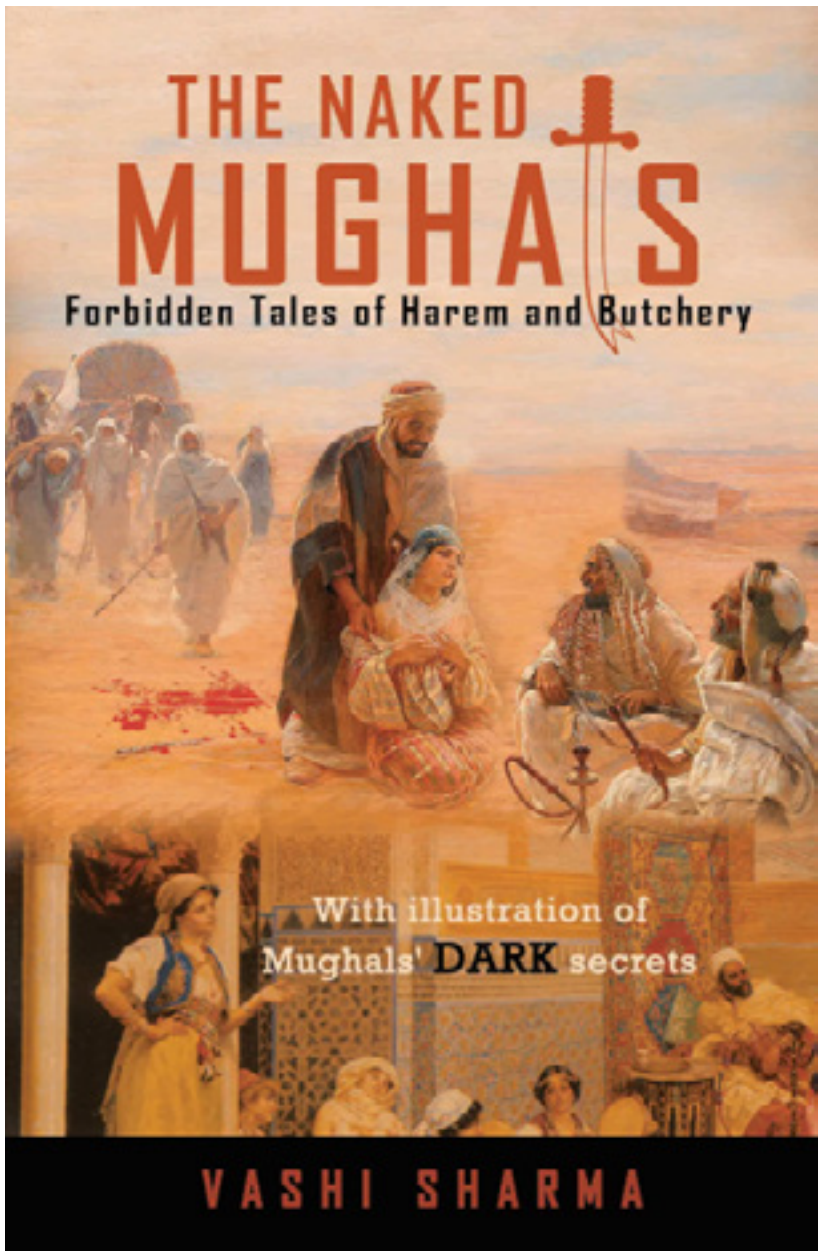
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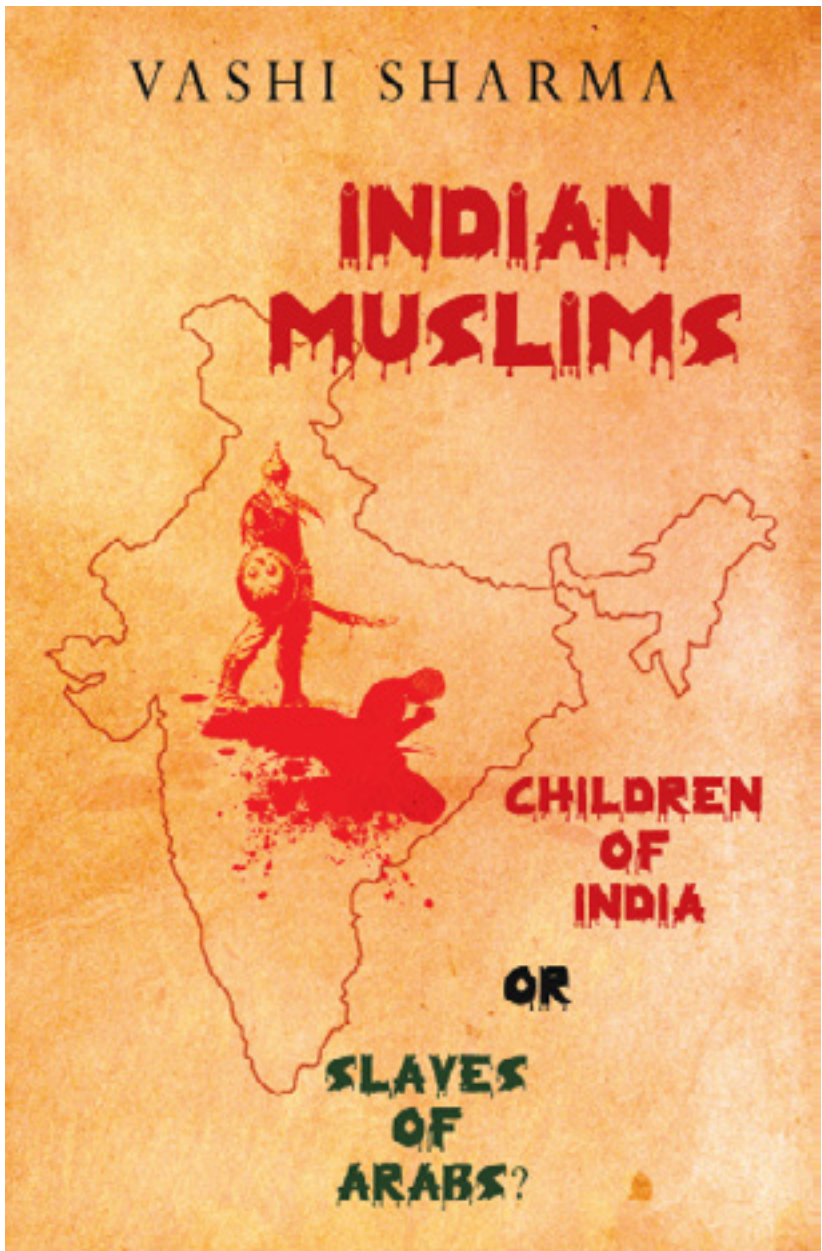


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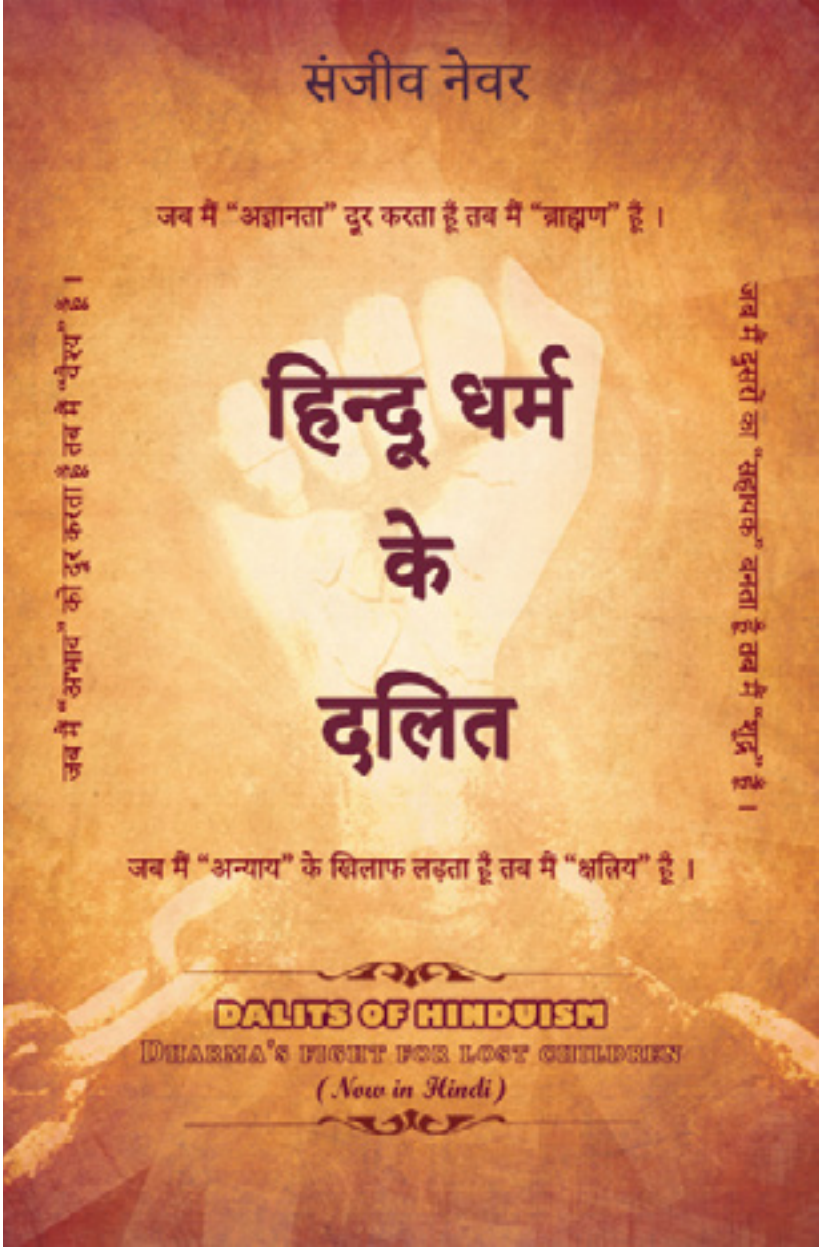
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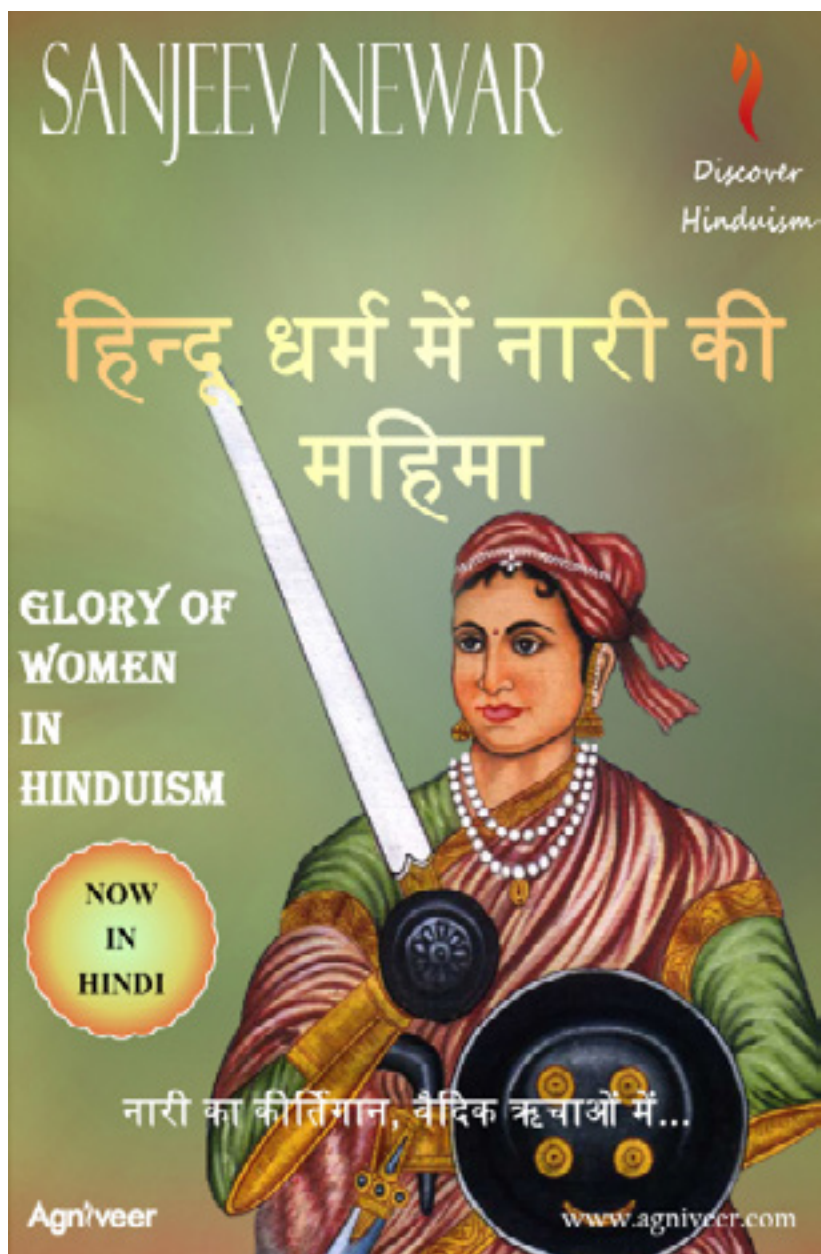
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## **Stephen Knapp on “A Hindu’s Fight for Mother Cow”**

This book is a warrior’s manual, a manual especially for Vedic Dharma, and Dharma in general. This book offers plenty of ammunition to counter all the reasons why we should not protect Mother Cow. The cow is our mother for Dharmic reasons, spiritual reasons, economic reasons, compassionate reasons, and environmental reasons. And this books shows why.

It may not have all the arguments that I have read over the years, but it has plenty that are useful, especially for those living in India.

It has plenty of verses from the Vedic texts like the Rig Veda, that show and give evidence that killing of the cow and other quadrupeds are not permitted. The verses show that we should treat animals with kindness, and that there is no permission that is given in the Vedas for killing, sacrificing or consuming animals. It is only mistranslations that are often deliberately made that are then used to try and justify that the Vedas permit or sanction the slaughter of cows and horses. But no such verses are found when they are not misinterpreted. And there are several examples that are given herein.

Sanjeev discusses the real meaning of Ashwamedha, and of Yajna—sacrifice, and shows that the true meaning has nothing to do with the need for sacrificing animals.

However, there are also verses that state that those who do kill cows should be punished. That is not what some people want to hear, but such verses are there.

Sanjeev also presents how the cow is good for the country and the family, and is most useful in many ways. He discusses all the reasons why there should be a stop to cow killing, and how the

country can get along without it just fine.

It also nullifies all the liberal arguments that are presented against a ban on beef and cow killing. So this gives you plenty of thoughtful arguments that you can use against those who try to make a case that we cannot do without the consumption of beef, and, thus, killing the cow.

It presents all the arguments that every Hindu should know to defend the reasons why there is no need for a meat industry based on killing the cow, and that we can, indeed, uphold Dharmic principles to make the world a better place for everyone.



## About Agniveer

Agniveer was founded by Shri Sanjeev Newar, an IIT-IIM professional, data scientist, and Yogi to provide a solution-oriented, spiritually driven, and honest approach to improving the world - within and outside an individual. Agniveer specializes in practical applications of the timeless wisdom of Vedas, Geeta, and Yoga to address the contemporary challenges of life. Thousands of testimonials of transformation - from people who were on the verge of committing suicide, fighting depression, confused about life, directionless, unable to address social injustice around - attest the massive change it has been able to bring.

Agniveer takes credit in bringing several ignored, uncomfortable but critical issues to public attention. Agniveer is the leading advocate of social equality in India and pioneer of 'Dalit Yajna' initiative to break caste and gender barriers. Agniveer spearheaded the Muslim women rights campaign facing a severe backlash from conservative and fanatic elements. Yet, it was successful in bringing details of disgusting practices like Halala, sex-slavery, polygamy, triple talaq and love jihad to the limelight and evolving a consensus against them. Agniveer women helpline deals with such cases and has brought many smiles.

Agniveer also introduced the concept of unarmed combat workshops across sensitive parts of the country to create a skilled team that is able to defend vulnerable from criminals. Agniveer is a prominent champion of de-radicalization and has brought innumerable youth to join the mainstream path. Agniveer's narrative on history has created a significant momentum to question the authenticity of populist history taught out of political compulsions.

Agniveer has published several books on social equality, caste equality, gender equality, human rights, the controversial religious rights and history, apart from books on self-help, Yoga,

Hinduism, and life-hacks. Readers appreciate the books for straightforward, original, solution-oriented, practical, fresh, and mind-bending experience.

Everyone keen to live a meaningful life to fullest is welcome to join or support Agniveer mission.

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## **Testimonials on Agniveer**

*"This book is an eye opener and only people with guts can read it. It wasn't that easy for me to digest it at once, but slowly, I was able to."*

*"This book should be taught in the schools so the false details about filthy pathetic Mughals can be brought in front of the world. Especially the young generations would know who the real heroes are and pathetic Mughals were the real villains."*

*"Eye opener."*

*"Different perspective but quite useful."*

*"History that leftist historians hide from us."*

*"Amazing read."*

*"Finally someone had guts to see, write and publish the truth about the Mughals. I wish such books could be taught in schools so that our children don't suffer from false history and start protecting Dharma. A must buy for all!"*

*"Thanks for sharing the real truth which many history books will not tell you for their own profit. Thanks for exposing the lies which we used to feed our generations about Mughal greatness."*

*"True history...Love this book...Vande matram."*

*"Excellent book."*

*"The real history of India."*

*"I just want to thank you for your efforts which are absolutely selfless and amazingly helpful for people like me to realize the true path of life."*

*"We love you because we see Pratap & Shiva in you , who are rare these days , your voice/ actions depicts our inner voice!"*

*"Even after being from modern educated & scientific background, you know the importance of motherland, you have the knowledge of real religion & the most important you have the guts to challenge the fanaticism, fake secularism & fake liberalism with your solid arguments, facts & proofs. Your vision to regain the lost glory of Bharat makes me love Agniveer."*

*"You are one of the bright lights that guide dharmics like me through the darkest tunnel through which dharma is going through right now."*

*"I love agniveer for its bold and truthful stance against fanatics and calling spade a spade without fear of being politically incorrect. More power to you Agniveer."*

*"Knowledge, will and actions are aligned here. Goals are well defined and efforts are on ground. A reality."*

*"There is a principal difference between Agniveer and others. They are genuinely troubled with the difficulties Hindus and Hindusim are facing these days."*

*"This humility itself is a clear proof of the unparalleled strength of your character."*

*"It needs a lot of courage to do such things. I wonder how you all are doing it fearlessly. I think what you did and how you started all these must be pen down as a book, because time can fade our lives but books can't be killed. They live forever."*

*"You guys are awesome. Thank you for sharing your knowledge so we can shut*

*fanatics. You're doing great job."*

*"You guys are awesome. Words can't explain how good you guys are doing your work."*

*"Very Nice to see people giving sole dedication to protecting our dharma."*

*"I must say we need more of you to protect our dharma."*

*"Loved the way hidden truth has been revealed! Go ahead Agniveer! You are our hope for rewriting true history of India! Rapists and butcher invaders were being glorified as great rulers of the land before you arrived on internet. Now that you have started your book publishing campaign in support of our true heroes, I am sure brave sons of soil will get the due recognition they deserve from the Indian masses for saving their lives in the dark period of foreign rule of barbarians! Way to go Dr Vashi! Hail Agniveer!"*